TOMB OF HORROR SPECIAL EDITION

NIGHTMARE

K
47778
75¢
NO. 2
OCT
1974

T.M

2 all-new horror characters

the Mummy Khafre

The Circus of Horrors!

the Bat

Mercy, mercy, cries the Monster!

THE MOOD·TEAM UNDERTAKERS

THE MOOD-TEAM UNDERTAKERS are the purveyors of the HORROR-MOOD illustrated tales in every issue of NIGHTMARE, PSYCHO and SCREAM, all grouped here to unearth a very special magazine — TOMB OF HORROR. This is the pilot, or premier edition, of TOMB OF HORROR — a magazine which will begin on a regular schedule in just a few months, in the spring of 1975.

Howcum we don't make THIS number one, and get rolling right away on a regular schedule with the 4th HORROR-MOOD magazine? Here's the truth — as you, the reader know only too well, there are a lot of so-called horror magazines on the newstands at the moment. As you also know, some of those magazines are filled with very old reprints, and pages and pages of photo features, presented by a new publisher trying to make money in this market by selling you one or two original stories for a buck.

The SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD POLICY is somewhat different — we aim to give you original stories and art from front cover to back cover, every issue, for a price that isn't a rip-off. If we can't make money honestly, we'll get into another business. We promise to keep our magazines honest — in other words, we won't pad half our pages with photo features that usually cost next-to-nothing to produce. As you know, these magazines are here one day and gone the next.

The HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINES operate under a different philosophy! You KNOW we're giving you our best (and we keep getting better, right? Look at this issue), and when you people are looking around for good horror entertainment, you know our stories never fail to be readable because we don't pamper to 'fandom', we pamper to 'average readerdom' — that means YOU. Stick with us, and very soon we'll delight you with TOMB OF HORROR on a regular schedule.

Open as up; Enjoy the MACABRE talents of the HORROR-MOOD UNDERTAKERS as pictured below — MAELO CINTRON (the artist of these portraits), ZEBAR, ED FEDORY, CESAR LOPEZ, JESUS DURAN, AL HEWETSON and GUS FUNNELL, plus the many other people in this great issue — DOMINGO, BOB MARTIN, JOE CARDONA, FERRAN SOSTRES, GENE DAY, AGRAS and cover artist FABA. Why are we undertakers? Because we in the HORROR-MOOD TEAM have only one undertaking in life — YOUR reading pleasure. Read on — and enjoy, enjoy.

A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINE

TOMB OF HORROR

SPECIAL COLLECTOR'S EDITION

• edited by ALAN HEWETSON

JOHN AGRAS CARDONA MAELO CINTRON GENE DAY DOMINGO
JESUS DURAN FABA ED FEDORY AUGUSTINE FUNNELL CESAR LOPEZ
BOB MARTIN FERRAN SOSTRES

The Tomb of Horror...pg.4 **The Bat-Mercy, mercy, cries the Monster**...pg.6
Editorial...pgs. 16 and 17 **When I was a boy I watched the Blood Wolves**...pg.18
Kill, kill, kill, kill and Kill Again...pg.24 **My Soul is In Hell**...pgs. 34 and 35
Vampire vs. Werewolf...pg.36 **The Coxsackie Axe-Murder** pg.46
The Mummy Khafre-the Funeral...pg.57

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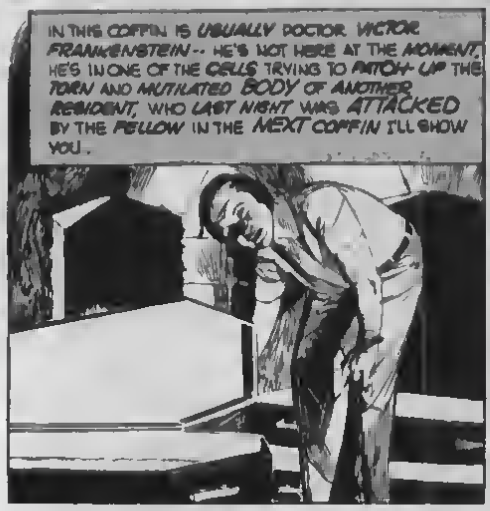
TOMB OF HORROR

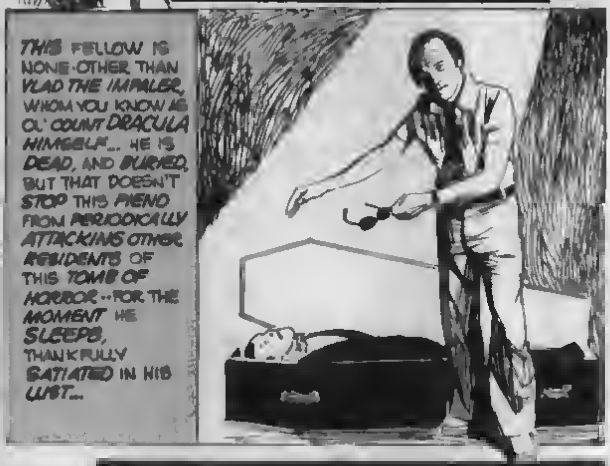
WELCOME TO THE VAULT ROOM IN THE TOMB OF HORROR WHERE ABOMINATIONS CREEP AND BEHEMOTHS SLITHER ABOUT IN SEARCH OF A LITTLE PEACE AND QUIET -- THERE IS, OF COURSE, NO SUCH THING AS 'PEACE AND QUIET' IN THIS HELL-WELL, FOR HEREIN CERTAIN EARTH-BORN MONSTERS ARE INTERRED FOR A VERY GOOD REASON--

-- BEFORE I TELL YOU THIS REASON, LET ME TAKE YOU ON A GUIDED TOUR OF OUR CHOICE RESIDENT HUMAN FREAKS--

INTRODUCED BY DWARFISH DOMINGO...



IN THIS COFFIN IS USUALLY DOCTOR VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN -- HE'S NOT HERE AT THE MOMENT, HE'S IN ONE OF THE CELLS TRYING TO PATCH UP THE TORN AND MUTILATED BODY OF ANOTHER RESIDENT, WHO LAST NIGHT WAS ATTACKED BY THE FELLOW IN THE NEXT COFFIN I'LL SHOW YOU.



THIS FELLOW IS NONE-OTHER THAN VLAD THE IMPALER, WHOM YOU KNOW AS OL' COUNT DRACULA HIMSELF... HE IS DEAD, AND BURIED, BUT THAT DOESN'T STOP THIS FIEND FROM PERIODICALLY ATTACKING OTHER RESIDENTS OF THIS TOMB OF HORROR -- FOR THE MOMENT HE SLEEPS, THANKFULLY SATIATED IN HIS LUST...

YES -- THIS PIT IS JUST CHOCK-FULL OF INTERESTING CHARACTERS, ALL HERE IN THIS PARTICULAR PLACE FOR A VERY PARTICULAR REASON -- BUT BEFORE I TELL YOU ABOUT THAT LET ME INTRODUCE SOME MORE RESIDENTS --

IN THIS CELL, UNDER LOCKED KEY, IS ERIC, THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA -- WHO IS A VENGEFUL, ANGRY SPIRIT -- IF WE UNLOCKED THE CELL AND LET HIM OUT HE'D THROW ACID IN THE FACES OF ALL THE OTHER INMATES -- HIS MIND IS GONE COMPLETELY -- WRETCHED MAN...

HEREIN DWELL MONSTERS, BEHEMOTHS, LUNATICS -- ALL THE CHARACTERS WHO INHABIT YOUR FAVORITE TALES OF HORROR -- AND JUST AS THEY COULD'NT RELATE TO PEOPLE ON EARTH, SO THEY CAN'T GET ALONG WITH THE OTHER INHABITANTS OF HELL EITHER...

...SO HERE THEY'RE SHUT AWAY, IN A SPECIAL TOMB IN HELL FOR ONCE-HUMAN CHARACTERS SO FIERCELY INDIVIDUALISTIC, THAT EVEN LUCIFER HIMSELF IS SCARED TO LET THEM MINGLE WITH THE OTHER RESIDENTS OF HELL -- THERE WOULD BE CHAOS -- AND THERE MUST BE A CERTAIN ORDER EVEN IN HELL!

...THIS IS THE TOMB OF HORROR, WHERE ONLY MISFITS AND FIENDS DWELL...

... JOIN US, WON'T YOU?...

WELCOME TO THE *TOMB OF HORROR*... I AM *THE VULTURE*, YOUR *HOST* FOR A SPECIAL *INNOVATIVE SERIES* OF *HORROR TALES*-- *EACH CHAPTER INTRODUCES* A *BRAND-NEW HORROR CHARACTER*-- WHOSE *FUTURE* IN TH' *HORROR-MOOD MAGS YOU* WILL *DECIDE*...

...*CHAPTER ONE* INTRODUCES THE AWESOME CHARACTER: *THE BAT*-- AN' IF *YOU* LIKE HIM AN' WANT TO SEE *MORE* OF HIM, *THE BAT* WILL HAVE A *REGULAR CONTINUED SERIES* OF HIS *OWN*...

... BEFORE WE BEGIN, I'D LIKE TO SAY A FEW WORDS ABOUT *WHY* I'M *HOSTING* THIS *SERIES*...

...I AM *THE VULTURE*-- AS DESPICABLE A BIRD AS EVER TOOK TO FLIGHT--I AM A *PARASITE*, I WATCH, AND WAIT-- TO SEE WHEN MY *VICTIMS* ARE *DEAD*-- ONLY THEN WILL I *SWOOP* IN FOR THE *FEAST*...

...THAT'S *WHY* I'M *HOSTING* A *SERIES* ABOUT *OTHER CHARACTERS*-- I AM AN *IMPOTENT OBSERVER*-- A *WATCHER*--*I OBSERVE* THE *MAUDLIN LIVES* OF *OTHERS* AND *REPORT* THEIR *TERRIBLE TRAGEDIES*...

... SO YOU SEE-- I AM THE *PERFECT HOST*...

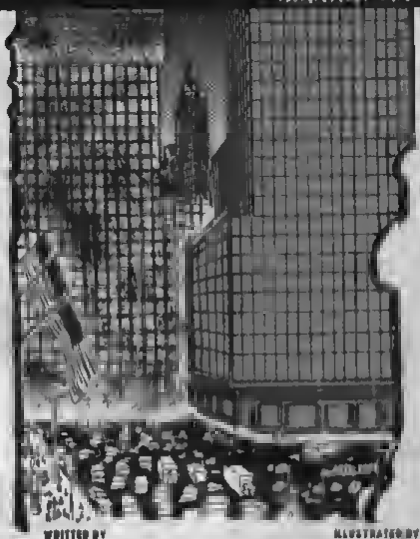
...SO STARTS MY TALES...

THE TALES OF THE VULTURE

CHAPTER ONE

...ON THIS EARTH THERE ARE *2 KINDS* OF *JUNGLES*...

...THERE IS THE *CITY-JUNGLE* KNOWN AS *MANHATTAN*--

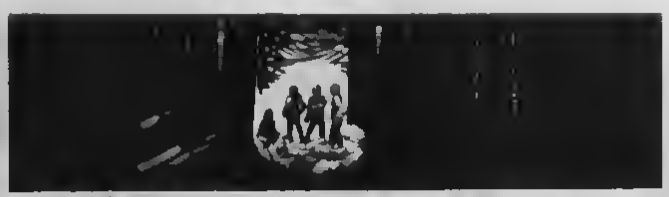


...THERE ARE THE *TROPICAL JUNGLES* OF *CENTRAL AMERICA*-- WHERE *SURVIVAL* IS SOMEWHAT *EASIER* THAN IN THE *CITY* FOR THE *EVENINS* DOES NOT COME *SNEAKING UP* FROM *BEHIND* YOUR *BACK*-- BUT *CONFRONTS* YOU *FACE* TO *FACE*--

WRITTEN BY
ALAN HEWETSON

ILLUSTRATED BY
BOB MARTIN

...THE MAN RUNNING IS BROCK STANS -- AN ARCHEOLOGIST FROM MANHATTAN DIGGING FOR PREHISTORIC BONES IN THESE JUNGLES...
...HE IS GREATLY DISADVANTAGED, FOR HE'S A CRIPPLE -- HIS RIGHT LEG WAS IMPROPERLY FORMED IN THE WOMB -- TO WALK IS UNCOMFORTABLE -- TO RUN IS AGONIZING...
...YET HE MUST RUN, AS MUST THE OTHERS IN HIS PARTY -- FOR A HORDE OF THE FAMOUS CENTRAL AMERICAN VAMPIRE BATS ARE ATTACKING AND ARE ALMOST UPON HIM...
...AND AS HE KNOWS, WHEN VAMPIRE BATS ATTACK THEIR VICTIMS, THEY DO NOT MERCIFULLY KILL -- THEY INSTEAD BRUTALLY MAIM AND TORTURE BY RIPPING OUT THE VICTIM'S THROAT, SO THAT FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE -- HE HAS TO CONSTANTLY GASP JUST TO BREATHE
THE BAT -- MERCY, MERCY CRIES THE MONSTER



ONCE *SATIATED* THEIR *GREED* FOR *HUMAN BLOOD* *FULFILLED* THE *BATS WITHDRAW* -- NOW THEY NEED *REST*, HAVING *COMPLETED* THEIR *DAILY TASK* — THEIR *GOD-GIVEN FUNCTION*... LEAVING IN THEIR *WAKE* A MAN IN *AGONY* AND *MISERY*... NEARLY *DRAINED* OF HIS *BLOOD*-- *RABIES* COURSING THROUGH HIS *VEINS* AND *MORBIDITY* [illegible] HIS *PEACE OF MIND* AS HE *LIES* IN A *HOSPITAL BED* -- *WHEN* THE *NASTY GATHERING* OF HIS *BONE-DISCOVERIES* AND THE *RETURN VOYAGE* TO *MANHATTAN* WHERE HE KNOWS THE *PASSAGE OF TIME* WILL *CUSHION* HIS [illegible]

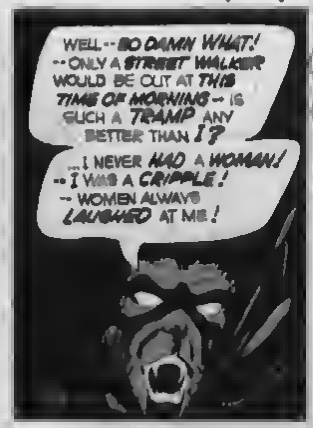
...THE PRESENT: THE MIDDLE OF THE DARK MORNING WITHIN THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL PREHISTORIA IN MANHATTAN-- PROFESSOR BROCK STANS IS WITHIN, WORKING TO CONSTRUCT A MONSTER-- A BEHEMOTH WHOSE BONES HAVE BEEN UNDER THE EARTH THOUSANDS OF YEARS.
...IS IT FATIGUE THAT OVERCOMES HIM?-- OR IS IT SOMETHING ELSE THAT MAKES HIS HEAD REEL AND HIS STOMACH TWIST?-- IS IT, PERHAPS, THE FULL MOON OUTSIDE THIS NIGHT? THE FIRST FULL MOON HE HAS SEEN UNDER SINCE THE GRUESOME ATTACK TWO WEEKS BEFORE--IS IT THE FULL MOON THAT CAUSES HIM TO LOSE CONSCIOUSNESS?--
...AND FALL A DISTANCE THAT WOULD KILL ANY NORMAL MAN? IS THE FULL MOON A FACTOR?
...OR IS IT OVERWORK THAT CAUSES HIM TO PERSPIRE?-- IS IT MERELY OVERWORK THAT CAUSES HAIR TO GROW ON EVERY QUARTER OF HIS BODY?--
...IS IT ONLY OVERWORK THAT CHANGES HIS HUMAN FEATURES INTO A HIDEOUS APPARITION NEVER BEFORE SEEN IN THE UNITED STATES?-- FEATURES KNOWN ONLY IN CERTAIN AREAS OF CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA AS THOSE OF THE FABLED MAN-BAT!
...NO, IT IS NOT MERELY OVERWORK-- IT IS A COMBINATION OF THE CATALYTIC MOON AND A MONSTROUS CURSE WITHOUT-A-NAME THAT CHANGES BROCK STANS' PLACID FEATURES INTO A GUISE OF INHUMAN PROPORTIONS--THAT CHANGES HIS QUIET, ACADEMIC MIND INTO THAT OF A FEROCIOUS BEAST.

...MANHATTAN-- AT 4:00 ON A SUNDAY MORNING, IS DESOLATE, BLEAK, AND MIGHTY COLD -- YET THIS BEAST NOTICES NOTHING -- HE BLINDLY STUMBLES INTO THE LIGHTS OF THE CITY, FRANTICALLY TRYING TO UNSCRAMBLE HIS CLOUDED THOUGHTS...

WHAT HAVE I BECOME? A MONSTER? I FEEL NO PAIN -- MERELY A NAGGING DRIVE -- A LUST -- A THIRST --
-- FOR HUMAN BLOOD!

WHAT HAVE I BECOME?

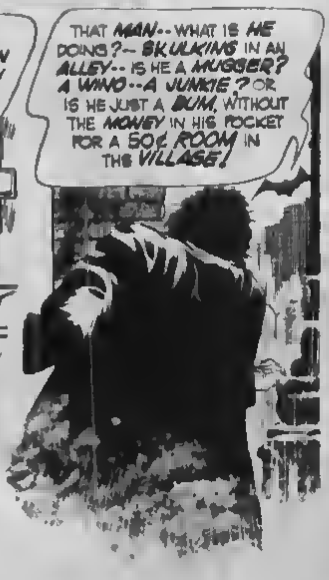
--A GHOUL!-- I AM A GHOUL-- I HAVE MURDERED AN INNOCENT WOMAN...


WELL--SO DAMN WHAT! --ONLY A STREET WALKER WOULD BE OUT AT THIS TIME OF MORNING-- IS SUCH A TRAMP ANY BETTER THAN I?
...I NEVER HAD A WOMAN! --I WAS A CRIPPLE! -- WOMEN ALWAYS LAUGHED AT ME!

I AM NO LONGER HUMAN-- NOW I HAVE POWER!
--IT WAS ALWAYS A MEEK NOBODY--
NOW I AM A SOMEBODY!

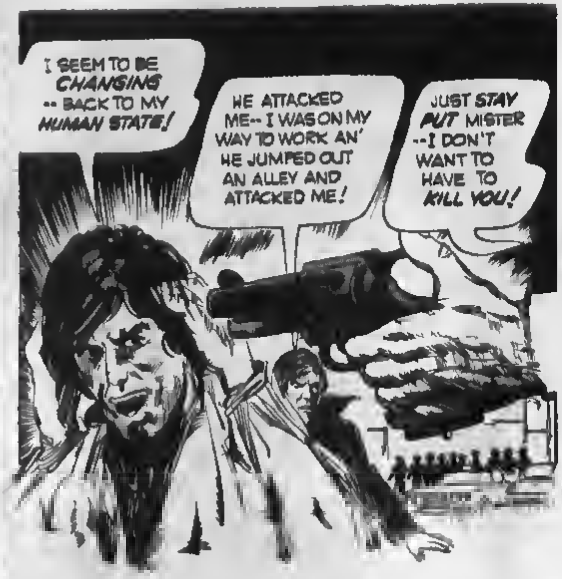
...NO LONGER AM I A SPINELESS HUMAN NON-ENTITY-- FORCED TO WORK ALL MY LIFE INSTEAD OF ENJOYING MY LIFE--NO LONGER MUST I WATCH OTHERS -- NOW I AM A BEING TO BE FEARED-- LOATHED-- HATED-- WHAT DO I CARE IF I AM LOVED OR HATED--SO LONG AS I AM RESPECTED..."

...THOSE HUMAN ANTS BELOW--HUMAN SCUM--WHAT DO THEY DO AT THIS TIME OF THE MORNING?...


THAT MAN--WHAT IS HE DOING?--SKULKING IN AN ALLEY-- IS HE A MUGGER? A WINO--A JUNKIE? OR IS HE JUST A BUM, WITHOUT THE MONEY IN HIS POCKET FOR A 50¢ ROOM IN THE VILLAGE!

MADMAN! --WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE --DRACULA?
WHAT GHOULISH APPARITION IS THIS?
LET ME FREE MONSTER--I AM AS YOU ARE--I AM A VAMPIRE--
NO--NO--I AM WHAT I SAY MONSTER--I AM A VAMPIRE--
YOU ARE NOTHING BUT A LUNATIC!
...YOU DELUDE YOURSELF!
THE SUN RISES --I MUST RETIRE --LET ME DIE--LET ME GO!
WHY DO I BOTHER MYSELF WITH YOU? YOU ARE DERANGED--THERE ARE NO HUMAN VAMPIRES--YOU FEAR THE DAWN? MORON! --I WILL DRAG YOU OUT TO THE STREET UNDER ITS FULL RAYS--THE SUN WILL DARKEN YOUR ANEMIC SKIN--THAT'LL BE THE ONLY EFFECT!
YOU SEE, FOOL?--YOU SEE?--YOU ARE DERANGED--YOU ARE MAD--YOU NEARLY KILL AN INNOCENT GIRL, AND NO DOUBT YOU HAVE KILLED MANY IN THE PAST, BECAUSE YOU THINK OF YOURSELF AS THE ROMANTIC VAMPIRE OF GOTHIC LITERATURE...
...WHY?--BECAUSE YOU LIVE SO DULL A LIFE YOU HAVE TO IMAGINE YOURSELF A SOMEBODY?... YOU ARE A NOBODY... YOU AMOUNT TO NOTHING!
...BUT I--BORN THIS NIGHT--AM INDEED A SOMEBODY...
...OF ALL THE MILLIONS IN THIS CITY--I AM ALONE IN MY MAJESTY!
OH LORD HELP ME --I'LL DIE--I'LL DIE IN THE SUNLIGHT!
8TH AVE

I--I FEEL SO WEAK --NAUSEA OVERWHELMES ME!
...GET A WAGON HERE, FAST!
POLICE--HELP ME--THIS GUY IS NUTS!
SEND A WAGON TO 42ND AND 8TH ON THE DOUBLE!


I SEEM TO BE CHANGING -- BACK TO MY HUMAN STATE!
HE ATTACKED ME-- I WAS ON MY WAY TO WORK AN' HE JUMPED OUT AN ALLEY AND ATTACKED ME!
JUST STAY PUT MISTER --I DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO KILL YOU!

..HE'S UNCONSCIOUS --LET'S GET THIS NUT, OR WHATEVER HE IS- INTO AN ASYLUM BEFORE HE CAN HURT SOMEBODY...
..SOME ANIMAL RIPPED OUT THE THROAT OF A GIRL UP ON 60TH STREET A COUPLE OF HOURS AGO -- IT MIGHT'VE BEEN HIM!
HE ATTACKED ME --I WAS JUST WALKING ALONG THE STREET GOING TO WORK, AND HE ATTACKED ME-- I SAW HIM MOLESTING A GIRL IN THAT ALLEY...

...NIGHT FALLS -- THE FULL MOON SHINES THROUGH THE BARRED WINDOW OF THE PADDED CELL IN BELLVIEW ASYLUM...

...AND THE BAT WANTS OUT!...

NEXT: IF YOU DEMAND IT: OUT INTO HELL!

..REGISTER YOUR VOTE IF YOU WANT THIS CHARACTER OUT OF THIS ASYLUM AND INTO ACTION IN A REGULAR SERIES

--FILL OUT THE COUPON ON THE LETTERS EDITORIAL PAGES 16 AND 17..

..IN THE MEANTIME: IN CHAPTER TWO OF TALES OF THE VULTURE

--THE BIRTH OF AN ALL NEW CHARACTER - THE PHANTOM OF THE DEAD!

TOMB OF HORROR EDITORIAL PAGES

Welcome to our very special premier TOMB OF HORROR SPECIAL EDITION, the pilot issue of a magazine that will debut on a regular schedule in the spring of 1975. We hope you like what we have for you in this issue, which features just about everybody somewhere-or-other, and which is a veritable cross section of wild, different talents. Special thanks goes to GUS FUNNELL, ED FEDORY and MAELO CINTRON, without whose invaluable aid along the way this issue would have been impossible.

Two new characters are unveiled in this issue. THE BAT, in MERCY MERCY, CRIES THE MONSTER, is the first chapter of THE TOMB OF HORROR series: TALES OF THE VULTURE. This series will be illustrated in the future by a variety of artists, and in each chapter THE VULTURE will introduce a new character for your approval and appraisal. However, each chapter of the new CHARACTER, if you say yes to his continuing, will be illustrated by the artist who introduced the character. Make a special note to fill in the coupon herewith and send it in, in fact, do it right now. If you don't wish to demolish the magazine then just make a Xerox copy or just print out your comments on a piece of paper and send it in. But send it in — The future of THE BAT is entirely up to you. Chapter two will not even be written until all the votes are in and counted. We will announce the results of the vote as soon as we know, in an issue of PSYCHO, NIGHTMARE, OR SCREAM.

Our second brand new character unveiled in this issue is THE MUMMY KHAFRE, that rather beautiful old girl who'll wing her way into your heart in future issues. Because this is a regular character, we intend to present her regularly in every issue of PSYCHO, beginning NEXT MONTH. When TOMB OF HORROR is released as a regularly issued HORROR-MOOD title, we will return the MUMMY KHAFRE to these pages. Actually, you KNOW that

The MOOD-TEAM MANIACS

Many hundreds of thousands of letters are daily received demanding a look behind the scenes in the Editorial Offices! Unfortunately, these requests are sent to MAD magazine and not to us! But that's okay, even though you didn't demand them we'll give 'em to you anyway! Here are the most recent photographs taken of the maniacal, mirthful MOOD - TEAM contributors! None of these photographs are real — these people are all professional models — we couldn't possibly print photographs of what we REALLY look like, we'd be put to sleep by the A.S.P.C.A. If you would like to own an 8 x 10 glossy photograph, suitable for framing on your wall, excellent for a conversation item, and entirely appropriate for wrapping fish, simply write us a letter telling us WHY - on - earth you want the photograph, and enclosing a $10 bill (no checks), and we'll send you absolutely nothing in return.

Archaic AL HEWETSON in a formal portrait taken to celebrate his graduation from HARVARD LAW SCHOOL.

Awkward AUGUSTINE FUNNELL is pictured here covering up his beard which was especially grown for this photograph.

Emotionally-disturbed ED FEDORY is pictured here throwing large trees.

Macabre MAELO CINTRON is pictured here thinking for a few moments — this is a very rare photo because Maelo rarely thinks.

YOU make the decision on whether we continue the MUMMY KHAFRE, by your letters and comments, just as you decide the future of THE BAT by your vote coupons.

Messrs. FEDORY and FUHHELL took great care in preparing their scripts for this special issue, — so when you drop us a line about this issue make sure you let us know what you think of their contributions.

There has been some controversy about the letters pages of comic books and magazines. That is, whether the letters therein are real or made up by the publishers. The talk has not touched on the HORROR-MOOD magazines, probably because of our unique letters/editorial format. However — I, as editor, hereby make the following straightforward statement. During my editorship of these magazines, I have never once placed in these pages a phony or made-up letter — all letters have been 100% genuine. I DEFY ANY OTHER EDITOR OR PUBLISHER TO PRIHT THIS CLAIM.

Speaking of letters — THE BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS are coming in in bunches — keep 'em coming — they are your KEY to HORROR-MOOD participation. TERRY COYLE of Monticello, Iowa, writes: "The best story in NIGHTMARE #20 is THE SCREAM AND THE HIGHTMARE because ARCHAIC AL'S story really freaked me out. CARDONA is a good artist, but I have seen better — CESAR'S return will be welcomed but if he decides to stay away, CARDONA can stay and handle the strip perfectly. Above all, after I read parts of the Shoggoth series, I find myself BELIEVING the story. Favorite title: THE SLITHER-SLIME MAN; Favorite characters: THE HUMAN GARGOYLES; Favorite series: THE SHOGGOTH MYTHOS, and NOSFERATU. Text stories are good if handled right. New ideas for the HORROR-MOOD magazines? I'd like to see the return of the HELL-RIDER in his own magazine. You could try to get the original team of writers and artists, or CINTRON would be a cool artist (only if he would stay on THE HUMAN GARGOYLES). Also have CINTRON do a cover of THE HUMAN GARGOYLES."

. . . Thanks Terry — CESAR will certainly be returning to do THE SHOGGOTH CHRONICLES just as soon as he's finished the NOSFERATU series. The return of THE HELL-RIDER, well — you never know, you never know! A special HUMAN GARGOYLES cover, by SEGRELLES, is up-and-coming.

Corrupt correspondence from STEPHEN BERENTI of Toledo, Ohio: "I would like to say the covers of NIGHTMARE #15 and #16 were really two great masterpieces of art, and the story of THE HUMAN GARGOYLES is the best. NIGHTMARE, PSYCHO and SCREAM are the best horror magazines around anywhere today. I can't wait to see TOMB OF HORROR. THANK YOU for giving us great horror magazines that can be really enjoyed."

— That is our whole reason for being, Stephen. Thank YOU for your kind words . . .

Comments from D. L. WILLIAMS of Chicago, Illinois: "My favorite story of the issue is I, GARGOYLE because — well, because that's the way people really are. I buy the HORROR-MOOD magazines because they have the best artists and writers, so why not buy the best. Favorite writers: ROSS AHDRU and AL HEWETSON; Favorite artist: MAELO CINTRON; Favorite cover artist: SEGRELLES. Favorite characters: THE HUMAN GARGOYLES (once again, the Gargoyles are winning hands down/Archaic editorial aside). THE VICTIMS is the best series. MORE text stories. Changes? — DOH'T change the magazines — How can you or anyone in this world or in hell or any place who is in his right mind attempt to change the best book out! !"

HICE RAP Y'ALLI

R I P

ARCHAIC AL

Name

Age

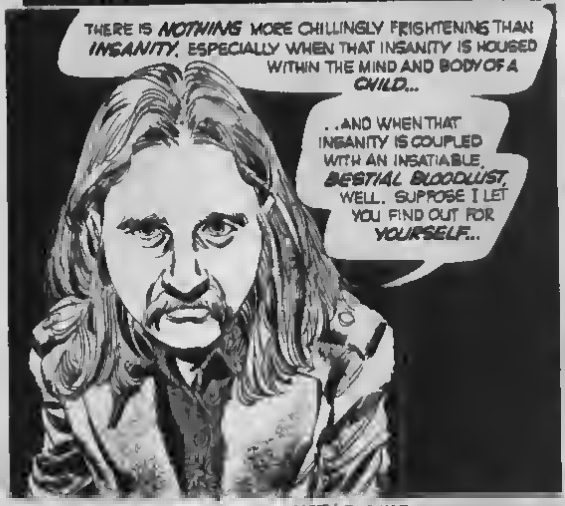
THE VULTURE-VOTE
SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD PUBLISHIHG CORPORATION
18 East 41st. Rm. 1501, New York, N.Y. 10017

yes — continue THE BAT, I want to see MORE!

no — let THE BAT remain in the asylum!

Comment

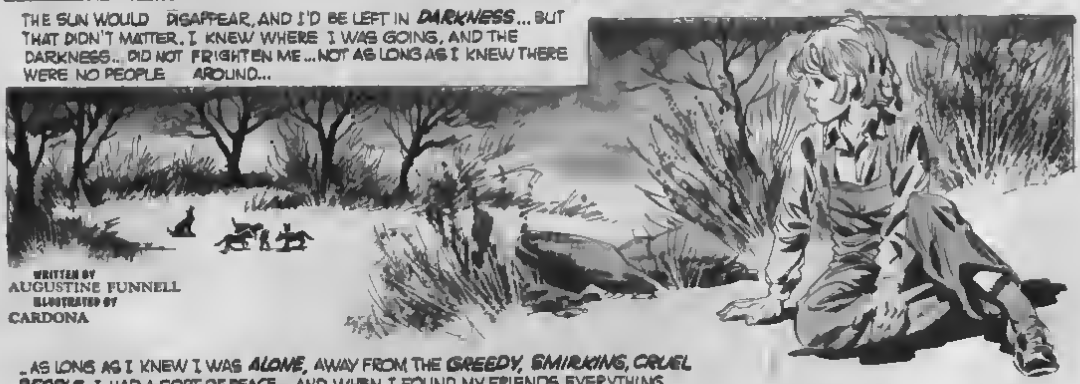
INTRODUCED BY WRITER AUGUSTINE FUNNELL



I NEVER LIKED THEM...THE PEOPLE THAT IS. SWAGGERING AROUND AS IF THEY WERE MORE IMPORTANT THAN ANY OTHER BEING ON THE FACE OF THE PLANET./ EVEN WHEN I WAS EIGHT YEARS OLD I KNEW THEM FOR WHAT THEY WERE... GREEDY, SELFISH KILLERS!

MY THOUGHTS ALWAYS TRAILED OFF THEN, AND LIKE ALWAYS, I LEFT THE CONFINES OF THE SMALL TOWN... LEFT TO FIND MY FRIENDS... THE ONLY BEINGS I FELT HAPPY WITH.

THE SUN WOULD DISAPPEAR, AND I'D BE LEFT IN DARKNESS... BUT THAT DIDN'T MATTER. I KNEW WHERE I WAS GOING, AND THE DARKNESS... DID NOT FRIGHTEN ME... NOT AS LONG AS I KNEW THERE WERE NO PEOPLE AROUND...



WRITTEN BY
AUGUSTINE FUNNELL
ILLUSTRATED BY
CARDONA

...AS LONG AS I KNEW I WAS ALONE, AWAY FROM THE GREEDY, SMIRKING, CRUEL PEOPLE, I HAD A SORT OF PEACE... AND WHEN I FOUND MY FRIENDS, EVERYTHING WAS ALL RIGHT. EVERYTHING WAS FINE THEN. YOU SEE...

WHEN I WAS A BOY I WATCHED THE BLOOD-WOLVES!

EVERY CHANCE I GOT I'D *WATCH* THEM. THEY *KNEW* I WAS THERE, BUT THEY NEVER BOTHERED ME. MAYBE THEY KNEW THAT I WAS *ONE* OF THEM, IF ONLY IN SPIRIT.

WHEN THEY MOVED OUT FOR THE NIGHT'S *HUNT*, I ALWAYS *FOLLOWED*, AND IT WAS AS IF THEY *KNEW* I COULDN'T KEEP UP WITH THEM, BECAUSE THEY MOVED SLOWLY, LETTING ME STAY A FEW YARDS AWAY.

WHEN WE REACHED THE CLEARINGS, THEY ALWAYS STARTED TO *RUN*, AND I RAN BEHIND THEM, TRYING MY BEST TO KEEP UP WITH THEM. BUT I *NEVER* COULD.

I ALWAYS FOUND THEM THOUGH, CIRCLED AROUND THEIR *KILL* FOR THE EVENING, AND *GORGING* THEMSELVES ON THE *BLOODY RED MEAT!* THEY ALWAYS SEEMED SO *HAPPY!*

THEN, LIKE ALL THE *OTHER* TIMES, ONE OF THE WOLVES WOULD RIP OFF A BIG PIECE OF THE *BLOODY MEAT* AND BRING IT OVER TO *ME!* HE'D STOP RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME, THE MEAT DRIPPING *BLOOD* THAT FELL TO THE GROUND.

THEY ALWAYS LOOKED AT ME, AS IF THEY EXPECTED ME TO GO *OVER*. BUT SOMEHOW I *COULDN'T* JOIN THEM. I *WANTED* TO... BUT I WAS *DIFFERENT*.

I'D ALWAYS REACH OUT AND PET THE WOLF ON THE HEAD. THEY *DIDN'T* SCARE ME... THEY WERE MY *FRIENDS*, AND I KNEW THEY *WOULDN'T* HURT ME. THE WOLF WOULD DROP THE MEAT BESIDE ME, LICK MY HAND...

...AND WALK BACK TO THE *KILL*, LEAVING THE MEAT FOR *ME!* THE WOLVES WOULD CONTINUE THEIR *FEAST*...

...AND I'D *DEVOUR* MY *SHARE* OF THE *KILL!!*

THEN I'D GO HOME, SATISFIED WITH THE NIGHT'S *PROWLING*, AND GLAD THAT I HAD SHARED IT WITH MY BROTHERS. BUT RETURNING HOME WAS *NOT* SOMETHING I LOOKED FORWARD TO, FOR...

IT MADE ME *LAUGH* WHEN I THOUGHT OF THEM... THINKING THEY WERE *PUNISHING* ME BY NOT LETTING ME EAT... WHEN I'D *ALREADY FEASTED* TO MY *HEART'S CONTENT!*

I'D *NEVER* ANSWER. BUT IT WOULDN'T *MATTER*... THEY WOULD NEVER HAVE *BELIEVED* ME!

THEY'D NEVER MENTION IT THE NEXT MORNING, BUT IT *DIDN'T MATTER*... I DIDN'T CARE ANYWAY! MY MIND WAS *MILES* AWAY, DANCING ACROSS WIND-SWEPT FIELDS, THE SCENT OF *BLOOD* IN MY NOSTRILS!

I PLAYED THE GAMES OF PEOPLE, THE PEOPLE I *HATED SO MUCH!* I WENT TO THEIR SCHOOLS, BUT I KEPT TO *MYSELF* AS MUCH AS I *COULD*.

I LISTENED TO THEM, TOOK THEIR *INSULTS*, AND TRIED TO FORGET THAT I WAS LIKE THEM. INSTEAD, I WAS SOMETHING *ELSE*... SOMETHING THE STUPID PEOPLE AROUND ME COULD *NEVER* UNDERSTAND.

AND AT NIGHT, WHEN THE DAYS WERE *DONE*, I LEFT THE CONFINES OF THE HUMAN PRISON... AND BECAME ONCE *MORE*... A *KILLER!*

EVEN WHEN I PASSED MY EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY I REMAINED WITH THE *WOLVES*... FOR WERE THEY NOT... MY *FAMILY?*

IT WAS THEN I REALIZED MY *HERITAGE*... KNEW THAT *REVENGE MUST BE MINE!* AND IT MUST BE MINE IN THE *ONLY WAY* I KNEW *POSSIBLE*.

IT DIDN'T REALLY *MATTER WHO* DIED... AS LONG AS THEY WERE *HUMAN*... THAT'S *ALL* THAT COUNTED *HUMAN DEATHS!* I HATED THEM *ALL! ALL! ALL!*

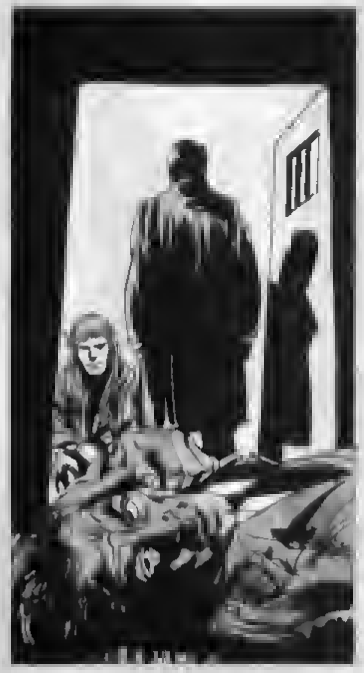
THE *TASTE* OF *HUMAN FLESH* AS I CRAMMED IT INTO MY *MOUTH* MADE ME ONLY *MORE SAVAGE*... *MORE HATEFUL!* EVEN AS I SAW THE BLOOD FLOW DOWN THE STREET I FELT *NO* REMORSE... ONLY *SATISFACTION!!!*

THEY PROBABLY *NEVER* KNEW *WHY* THEY WERE DYING AND IT REALLY *DIDN'T MATTER*, THEY WERE *HUMAN*... AND ONLY THEIR *DEATHS* COULD APPEASE MY *HATRED*. *ONLY* THE SIGHT OF THEIR *BLOOD* RUNNING RED AND *THICK* THROUGH THE STREETS COULD CALM ME!

...AND THEY JUDGED ME TO BE A WEREWOLF!! INSANE, BUT A WEREWOLF NEVERTHELESS!

THAT'S HOW THEY *FOUND* ME... BLOOD *DRIPPING* FROM MY CHIN, STRIDING THE LENGTH OF TWO *VERY DEAD BODIES*...

I WATCHED HIM ENTER MY ROOM AND MY HEART SOARED WITH JOY AS HE STOOD BEFORE ME, SMILING.



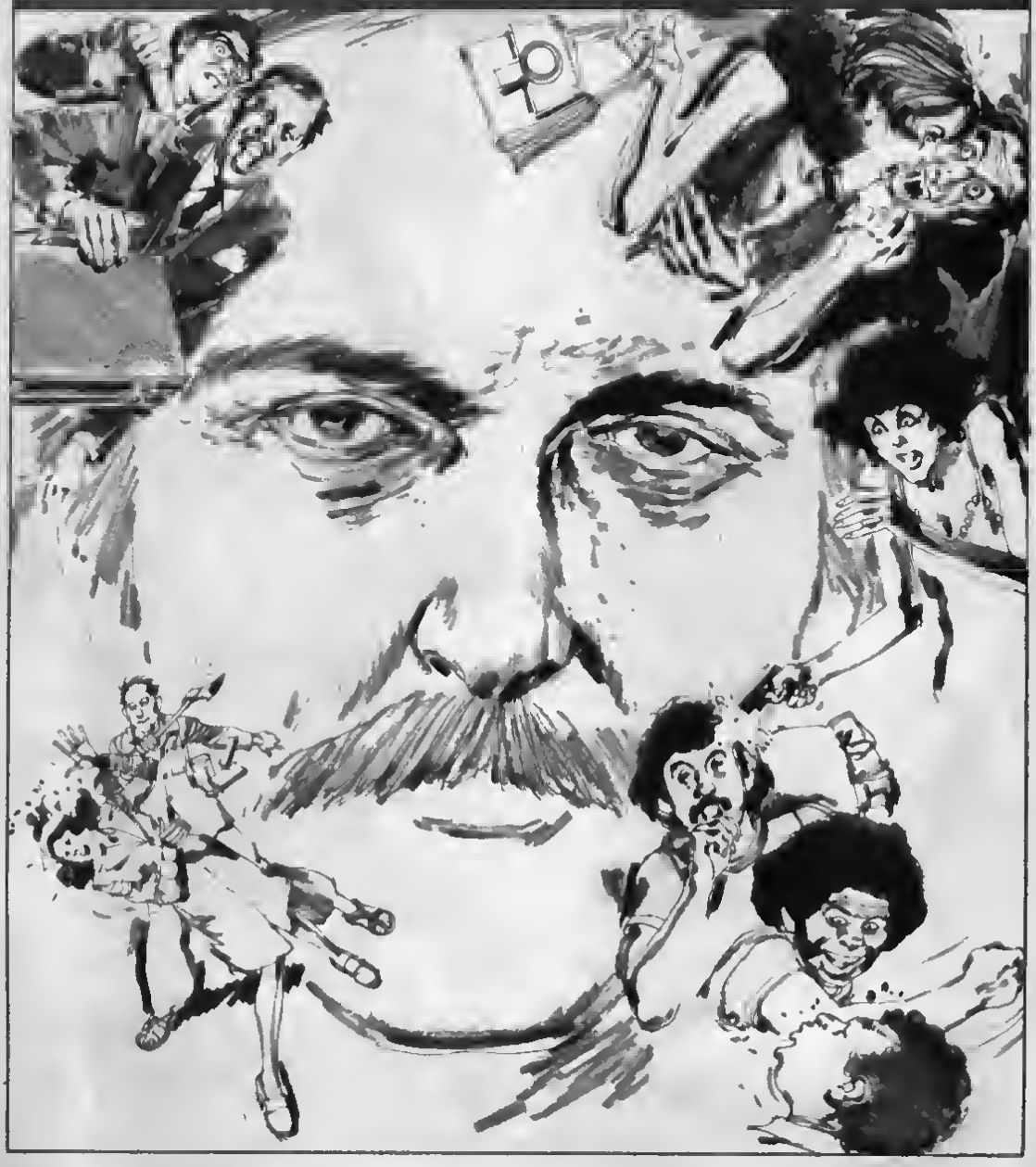
HE WAS RIGHT... I WASN'T A WEREWOLF...

...BUT HE WAS!

AND A BROTHER NEVER DESERTS A BROTHER!!!

...WHAT KIND OF MAN KILLS WITHOUT MERCY?... WITHOUT 2ND THOUGHT AS TO THE CONSEQUENCES? ...WHAT KIND OF THING KILLS WITHOUT DISCRIMINATION?-- NOT CARING WHO?-- NOT CARING WHEN?-- NOT CARING HOW?-- CARING ONLY THAT IT BE BLOODY AND WRETCHED-- WHAT KIND OF MAN?
...INTRODUCED BY ARTIST FERRAN SOSTRES...
WRITTEN BY ALAN NEWETSON
YOU ARE--MY HAND-PICKED ASSASSINS-- THE PRIVILEGED OF EVEN THE FEW HERE IN HELL SUITABLE FOR SUCH A TASK... YOU ARE THE LEGIONS OF DEATH... YOU ARE THE BLACK ANGELS OF DOOM... YOU ARE THE EVIL DESPOTS OF THE EARTH, WHO INVOKE MISERY, WHO CARICATURE HAPPINESS, WHO REVEAL PAIN AND TORTURE TO BOTH THE LIVING AND THE DEAD...
YOU ARE MY SACRILIGIOUS TOOLS --MY INSTRUMENTS OF POWER... WITH YOU AS MY ARMY I AM THE ETERNAL EVIL MONGER-- THE ALMIGHTY FIEND-- THE JOKER OF INDECENCY-- I MAKE GOD THE MONUMENTAL FRAUD-- I MAKE MYSELF THE INSATIABLE MONARCH OF ALL EARTH...
...FOR I-- AM SATHANAS -- THE LORD OF THE DARKNESS... AND I AM NEVER SATISFIED-- I NEVER HAVE ENOUGH OF ANYTHING --OF LIFE AND OF DEATH... OF PAIN AND OF ECSTASY...
SO GO LEGIONS-- GO UNTO THE EARTH-- DISGUISED AS MANKIND AND IN ITS IMAGE... GO AND KILL-- GO AND MAIM AND SLAUGHTER...
KILL, KILL, KILL, and KILL, again

SIMON INGELS IS ONE OF SATAN'S LEGIONS OF DEATH -- HE IS A PAWN, IN THE COMPLETE SENSE OF THE WORD -- A VERY ANGRY MAN -- A VERY BRUTAL MAN -- DETERMINED TO BE BRUTAL AND BLOODY -- DETERMINED TO KILL LIKE A MACHINE WITHOUT A MIND OR A SOUL... INGELS INDEED LOST HIS SOUL TO SATAN A-TIME-BACK -- BUT HE IS STILL POSSESSED OF A MIND -- AND NOT A MAD MIND -- MERELY AN ANGRY MIND... BENT ON BRUTALITY -- BENT ON FEROCIOUS SUDDEN DEATH -- BENT ON SPILLING THE BLOOD OF HIS VICTIMS IN BUCKETS -- AND ENJOYING AND SAVOURING THE SWEET SENSE OF SOUR SATISFACTION THAT COMES AS THE LOVED ONES OF THE FRESHLY-DEAD WEEP THEIR HEARTS OUT UPON THE BELOVED, AWFUL REMAINS... SENSE AND SENSITIVITY... LIFE AND RELATIVITY... DEATH AND NOTHINGNESS... ONLY THE WRETCHED DIE YOUNG AND ONLY THE LONELY LIVE TO BE THE WISE --



SIMON INGELS IS THE DARK ANGEL -- THE UNHOLY GHOST -- WHO CALLS UPON HIS VICTIMS IN A MOST UNUSUAL WAY -- HE ENTERS THEM --

--AS THE UNEXPLAINED ARCHANGEL OF DEATH HE CREEPS INTO HIS VICTIMS' MINDS -- CRAWLS INTO THEIR SUBCONSCIOUS AND MOTIVATES AND ACTIVATES THE UNQUESTIONING SUB-CONSCIOUS UNDERNEATH -- HE IS THE HYDE IN MAN --

WHY DIDN'T YOU WASH THE DISHES? WHY DIDN'T YOU CLEAN UP AROUND HERE?... YOU KNOW DAMN WELL MY MOTHER IS COMING OVER TONIGHT -- DON'T YOU CARE? DON'T YOU THINK? DON'T YOU WANT TO HELP ME AROUND THE HOUSE?

THE MAN WITHIN EVERY MAN -- THE SELF-INDULGENT MAN -- THE BOHEMIAN, SUB-CULTURAL ANARCHIST --

AND WHEN THE ACT IS COMPLETED -- WHEN THE HYDE IS SATIATED -- SIMON INGELS LEAVES -- AND IN HIS PATH IS DESTRUCTION -- THE DESTRUCTION OF THE BODY OF THE DEAD! -- THE DESTRUCTION OF THE SOUL OF THE LIVING!

--THE LEGION OF SATAN'S HYDES IS A SMALL LEGION-- SIMON INGELS IS ONE OF A VERY SELECT FEW-- A MAN OF RARE TALENTS--RARE EXPERIENCE--RARE ABILITIES-- A MAN WITH SPECIAL TRAINING-- ONE IN A MILLION, MMH!, MORE LIKE ONE IN A BILLION!!

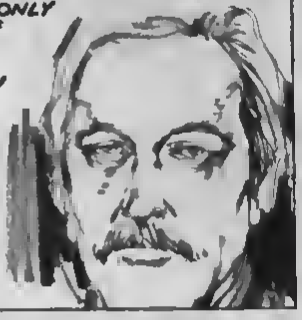
--SIMON INGELS LOVES HIS WORK-- HE LOVES TO KILL--

--AND MOST OF ALL TO BE IRRATIONAL-- HE LOVES TO BE BOHEMIAN-- HE CHERISHES THE CONCEPT OF HIS BEING A MR. HYDE --SELF-INDULGENT-- INTELLIGENT--GREEDY-- BELIGERENT--AND THOROUGHLY, WONDERFULLY, COMPLETELY DECADENT..

SIMON INGELS' PRESENT HABITS ARE SOMEWHAT A RIDDLE -- WHAT MOST MEN DO IN LIFE OR IN DEATH IS EASILY EXPLAINED -- BUT INGEL'S RAMPAGE OF DEATH AND HORROR IS NOT THE MOST OBVIOUS OF EMPLOYMENTS -- HE ENTERS MANY MEN AND DOES MANY EVILS IN A DAY'S WORK -- IN THE EARLY MORNING HE IS A MILKMAN AND ENTERS A HAPPY HOME --
-- IN THE FORENOON HE IS A MILD MANNERED BANK CLERK TEMPTED BY OTHER PEOPLES' GOLD --
-- IN THE EARLY AFTERNOON HE IS A COP, TURNING HIS BACK FOR A MOMENT THAT'LL TURN INTO A LIFETIME --
-- DURING THE RUSH HOUR HE TURNS ONTO A WOULD-BE JACKIE STEWART OR STERLING MOSS AND TAKES 9 LIVES --
-- AND COME THE NIGHT -- HE BECOMES THE INSATIABLE GHOUL --

--SIMON INGELS-- A MAN OF MANY TALENTS-- A MAN OF GREAT BACKGROUND AND IMMENSE EXPERIENCE-- TRAINED WELL-- EMOTIONALLY HE IS PERFECTLY SUITABLE TO BE THE SATANIC MR. HYDE-- FOR 65 YEARS, SIMON INGELS 'LIVED'-- AND DURING THIS LIFETIME, HE LIVED A STORY BOOK EXISTENCE --LAW-BIDING-- OBEDIENT-- UNSELFISH-- TAX-PAYER-- MODEL HUSBAND-- INDULGENT-- TOLERANT-- PERFECT FATHER-- EXCEPTIONAL GRANDFATHER-- CHURCH GOER-- DIDN'T DRINK-SMOKE-SWEAR-- NEVER TOLD A LIE-- NEVER EXERCISED DECEIT-- NEVER EMBEZZLED A PAPER-CLIP-- NEVER SPOKE EVIL BEHIND ANYONE'S BACK (OR EVEN TO THEIR FACE)-- PERFECT STUDENT-- MODEL WORKER--
SIMON INGELS WAS, DURING HIS LIFETIME, ONE OF THE VERY, VERY, VERY FEW PEOPLE IN THIS WORLD WHO HAS ONLY ONE DEFECT-- HE WAS PERFECT-- AND THEREFORE, SOMEWHAT IMPERFECT...

--NOW-- IN DEATH-- HE IS A MANIAC--LETTING THE VENGEANCE DRIP OUT OF HIM-- ACTING OUT ALL THE VICES HE NEVER LIVED HIMSELF... THERE IS A JOKE THAT SATAN TELLS ABOUT SIMON INGELS-- (AND WHETHER IT IS BASED ON TRUTH OR NOT IS NOT FOR US TO SAY) THE JOKE IS THAT WHEN SIMON INGELS DIED, HE WENT UP TO HEAVEN TO KNOCK ON THE PEARLY GATES --AND ST. PETER SAID TO HIM: GET THEE HENCE INHUMAN, ONLY THE FALLIBLE, ONLY THE IMPERFECT ARE ACCEPTED HERE! GET THEE HENCE TO HELL! IT'S A CRUEL JOKE SATAN TELLS, FOR IT IMPLIES THAT IN HIS LIFETIME SIMON INGELS (WHO NEVER SUCCUMBED TO TEMPTATION) HAD NEVER EVEN BEEN TEMPTED!



SIMON INGELS IS NOW DEAD--AND YET ISN'T HUMAN--

--FOR ALL HIS DEBAUCHERIES, FOR ALL HIS EVIL ACTS-- HE IS NOT YET HUMAN-- FOR HE PURSUES EVIL WITH THE SAME INDISCRIMINATE MINDLESSNESS WHICH HE EMPLOYED TO PURSUE VIRTUE--

--DESPITE HIS ABILITY TO THINK--TO REASON-- TO FOLLOW A LOGICAL OR ILLOGICAL COURSE OF ACTION, SIMON INGELS IS A MINDLESS MAN --A MAN WITH A FREAK BRAIN THAT SATAN USES TO INFILTRATE THOSE YET ALIVE WHO CAN BE TEMPTED--

--AND WHO CAN REJECT TEMTATION--

--SIMON INGELS CANNOT UNDERSTAND THE REJECTION OF TEMPTATION --HE'S NEVER BEEN TEMPTED--NEVER REJECTED TEMPTATION--THOUGH MR. HYDE'S PERCENTAGE OF FAILURES IS SMALL, IT IS DISTINCT ENOUGH TO BE PROFOUND--THE PROFOUND ENTER HEAVEN--THE MINIONS-- BURST THE FOODGATES OF HELL!

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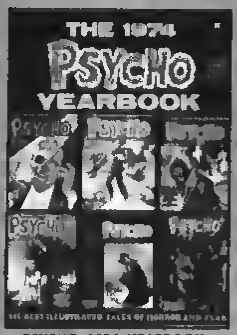

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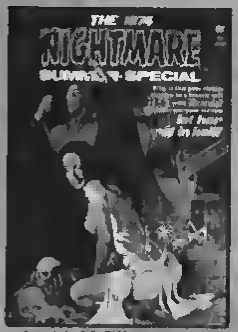

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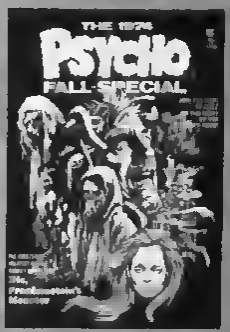

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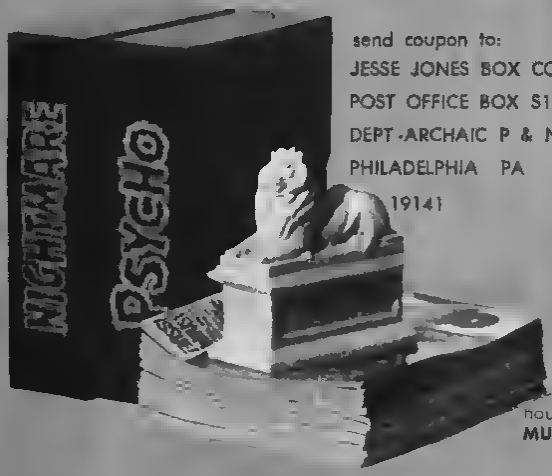

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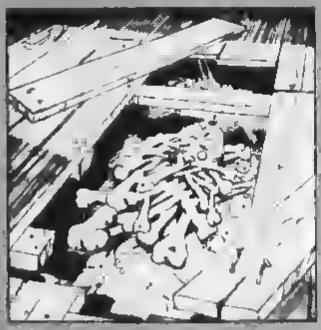

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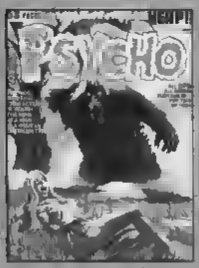
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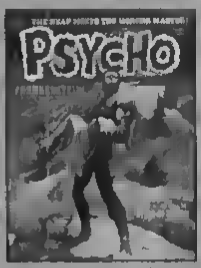
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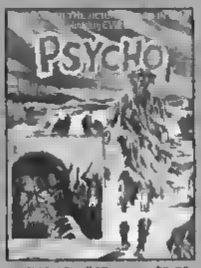
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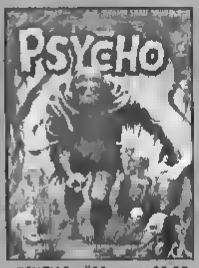
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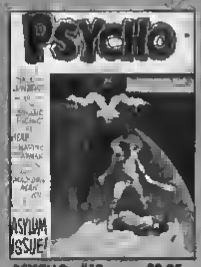
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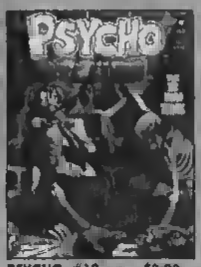
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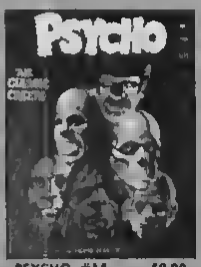
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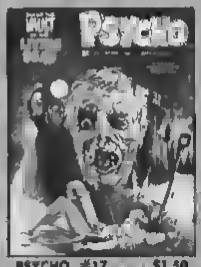
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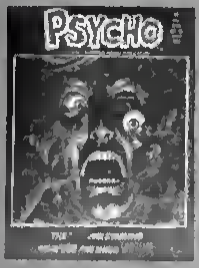

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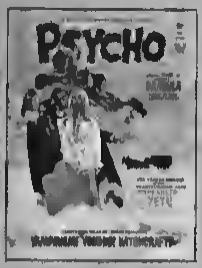

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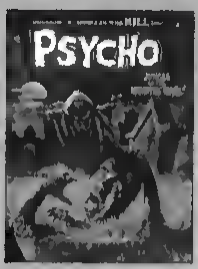

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SCREAM #5 . . . $1.50

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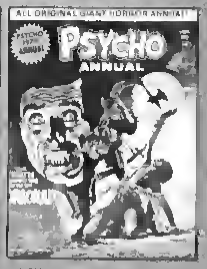
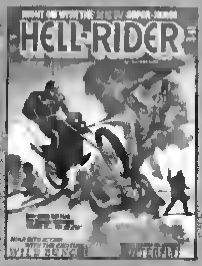
SCREAM #7 . . . $1.00

SCREAM #8 . . . $1.00

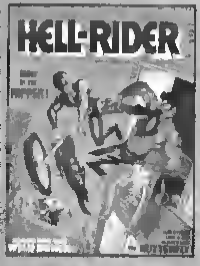


PSYCHO ANNUAL $3.00

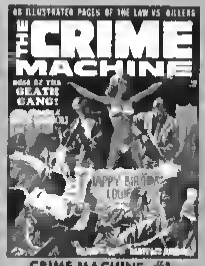
NIGHTMARE ANNUAL $3.00



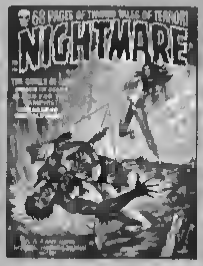
HELL-RIDER #1 $3.00



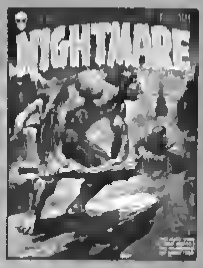
HELL-RIDER #2 $2.50



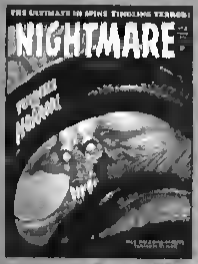
CRIME-MACHINE #1 $3.00



NIGHTMARE #2 . . . $4.

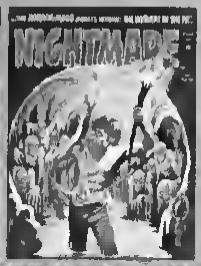


NIGHTMARE #3 . . . $3.50



NIGHTMARE #8 . . . $2.50

NIGHTMARE #9 . . . $2.25



NIGHTMARE #11 . . . $2.25

NIGHTMARE #12 . . . $2

NIGHTMARE #13 . . . $2

NIGHTMARE #14 . . . $2

NIGHTMARE #15 . . . $1.75

NIGHTMARE #16 . . . $1.50

NIGHTMARE #17 . . . $1.50

NIGHTMARE #18 . . . $1.25

NIGHTMARE #19 . . . $1.

NIGHTMARE #20 . . . $1.

I don't know why I did it — I don't know what passessed me! Oh God! I mual have been mad. I must have been dasparate, desperate. I said to myself, even while I was doing it, "stop this, don't ga on, you don't know what it is you do." How can ona worry aboul a soul, about its aala-price, whan ane does not even know what a aoul IS. I wsa young. I was successlul. I was free — I had everything — that was my problem, I had everything and I was losing my youth, and I falt — I wrongly, oh how stupidly, I belisved — youth to be man's most precious asset. I was coming to feel that aveiything around me wsa moving faster than I was. At laast, so it seemed, an I thoughl. I was wrong about everything, if onla I knew thal then. It la too iala now; it is lar too lste now, tor anything —

written by ALAN HEWETSON illustrated by GENE DAY

I made a deal with Satan: I gave him my soul — he gave me eternal life. Not so unusual? — You've heard of deels like this before? — Well, perhaps you haven't, for in my case — I GAVE LORD LUCIFER MY SOUL BEFORE I DIED!

I live, I breathe and walk and talk, but I'm dead— I'm a walking dead man.

One night, very late, I was sitting in a restaurant. It was a restaurant for young people, and everyone was laughing and dancing and carrying on together. I sat alone, all alone — with all my success, my wealth, my good looks, with all of my everything I sat alone. I was out of date, I thought. I know now I was wrong, I know now the only problem was I was in the wrong restaurant — I was with the wrong crowd. I grew so depressed — I stood up and walked out, alone, into the night, down by the waterfront where I could be even more alone. I cursed and I glared into the black water beneath me. I said, "I am dead, old and dead." I wasn't, but I said that then.

MY SOUL is in HELL

I felt no longer alone; Someone stood beside me, looking at me so intently I thought he was some madman. He was tall — maybe he wasn't; I don't know anything anymore. I can't remember my own name — everything is gone now. He said to me: "Why don't you give me your soul, and I'll give you something in return." I said, "what — what? — Then I came to believe he was a maniac and I walked away from him. He caught up with me and turned me around to look at him. "Look at me — look into my eyes — look and see who I am." I looked into his eyes — oh God. oh horrors — he frightened me, what a monster — I knew who he was in an instant. I didn't have to question myself or mess myself up with second thoughts — no, I knew who he was, and I knew he was serious.

"You want my soul?" I said, "What will you give me for it?" He said: "The very thing you want." "You know then?" I said. "Oh yes, I know. You want your youth." I played the game with him — strip poker: he dealt; I picked up the cards; Then he stripped me. I became naked — he tore my soul from me — ripped it out of me. He went away, leaving me young for all eternity, but without a soul.

So you say, "so what?" That's what I said, "So what" I didn't know what a soul was — I didn't feel like I'd lost anything terribly important. I didn't feel anything. I didn't feel sorry or happy or sad or any real, particular emotion. One would think that knowing I was going to be young again, and forevermore, that I'd be exhuberant. Excited. You say: "It's the old story, he'll be happy awhile and then — then he'll grow apathetic. But — but he'll be excited at first!" No. I wasn't happy or excited or ANYTHING. I tell you.

I'd lost that innate, strange, human capacity for excitement. I'd lost that peculiar human thing known as emotion. I have no emotions now at all. I don't even want to die; I don't care to live. The only thing I feel is a small bit of self-disgust. I feel very stupid. I gave away my human soul, my spirit — where is man without spirit? I sit here now writing my theory for you — this definition of the human soul. A man without a soul is a living dead thing, and I — I am the living and dead

VAMPIRE VS. WEREWOLF

...THIS IS THE SKELETON OF A WEREWOLF

...SUPLEMENTARY TO YOUR STUDIES OF THE OCCULT, YOU STUDENTS MUST LEARN ABOUT THE MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF CENTRAL EUROPE—MANY OF WHICH, AS EVIDENCED BY THIS HALF-HUMAN HUSK, ARE MYTHS WITH A HINT OF TRUTH...

HOW DO YOU KNOW IT'S THE SKELATON OF A WEREWOLF PROFESSOR CUSHMAN?

YES--AND WHY IS HE DRESSED IN THAT COAT AND CAP?

OH--SOME STUDENTS PUT THE COAT AND CAP ON HIM--SOME KIND OF JOKE--OR--OTHER I NEVER UNDERSTOOD--IT'S NOT IMPORTANT--BUT YOUR QUESTION IS VERY IMPORTANT--HOW DO I KNOW THIS WAS A WEREWOLF? WELL THAT'S WHY YOU'RE HERE TODAY—SO THAT I CAN TELL YOU THE WHOLE GORY STORY THAT I WITNESSED MYSELF...

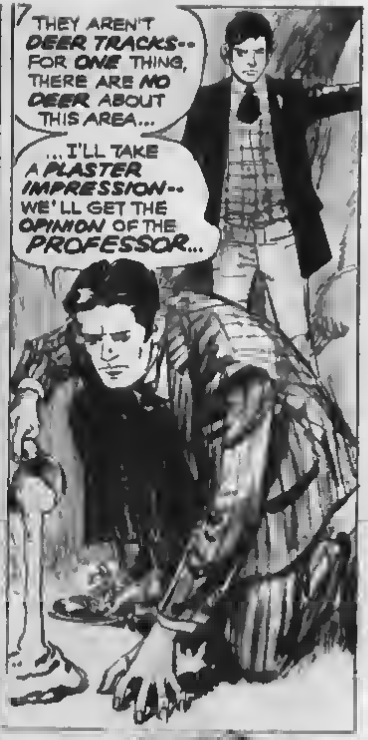
THE WAR OF THE HELL-DAMNED!

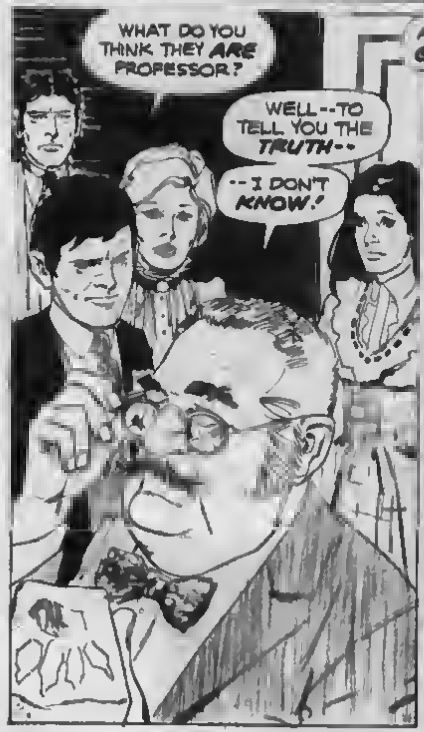
...DOESN'T IT STRIKE YOU AS A BIT ODD, DEAR READER, THAT FOR ALL OUR OBSESSIONS ABOUT VAMPIRISM AND LYCANTHROPY, THERE ARE NO LEGITIMATE STUDIES BEING CONDUCTED IN OUR UNIVERSITIES?...

...WELL, THAT'S THE IDEA BEHIND OUR TALE--A LOOK AT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN ONE MAVERICK PROFESSOR INTRODUCES A FRAGMENT OF HORRIBLE REALITY INTO HIS TEACHINGS, AS HE TELLS HIS STUDENTS OF AN EXPERIENCE HE WITNESSED DURING HIS YOUTH...

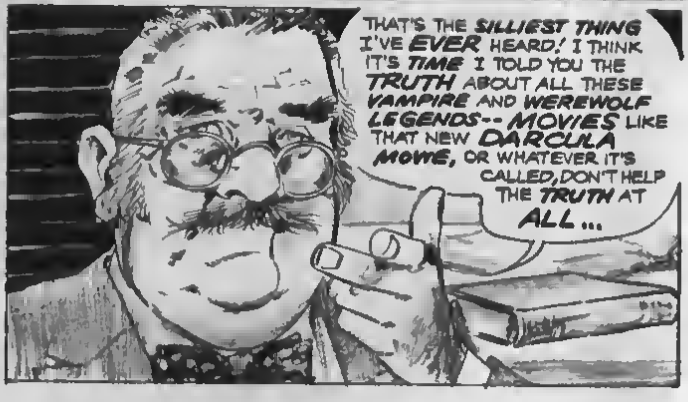
AH -- THESE CAVES BRING BACK SO MANY MEMORIES --
--WHEN I WAS A YOUTH -- I LOVED CAVES LIKE THIS...
...WE WERE STUDENTS OF THE WEIRD -- THEY DIDN'T CALL THE SUBJECT 'OCCULT' IN THOSE DAYS -- THEY CALLED IT THE WEIRD!.. ...A GROUP OF US WOULD ENTER THE CAVES ON A WEEKEND AFTERNOON, ON THE PRETENCE OF SEARCHING FOR VAMPIRE BATS -- OF COURSE THAT WAS RIDICULOUS, WE KNEW THERE WERE NO VAMPIRE BATS ABOUT -- MERELY CAVE BATS... IT WAS A PRETENCE -- WE JUST WANTED TO BE ALONE AND AWAY FROM THE WORLD SO WE COULD SMOOCH -- OR IN THE MODERN VERNACULAR -- NECK!
PETER -- DID YOU SEE THAT NEW MOVIE THEY JUST MADE? -- THE ONE STARRING BELA LUGOSI? -- WHAT'S IT CALLED? -- DRACULA!
NO -- I DIDN'T SEE IT -- NEVER MIND THAT -- JUST LOOK INTO MY EYES...
EH? LOOK INTO YOUR EYES?
LOOK DEEP INTO MY EYES -- DEEP...
AAAAAAAAA!
STOP FOOLING AROUND YOU TWO -- IT'S GETTING LATE -- WE HAVE TO LEAVE!
THAT'S NOT FUNNY PETER -- IT'S JUST NOT FUNNY -- YOU NEARLY SCARED ME TO DEATH!

WHAT'S THIS?
SOME SORT OF ANIMAL MARKINGS-TRACKS OF SOME KIND--
WHAT KIND OF ANIMAL MAKES TRACKS LIKE THESE?
VERY MYSTERIOUS-- DO YOU THINK THEY COULD BE DEER TRACKS?-- THE MARKINGS LOOK LIKE HOOVES!


THEY AREN'T DEER TRACKS-- FOR ONE THING, THERE ARE NO DEER ABOUT THIS AREA...
...I'LL TAKE A PLASTER IMPRESSION-- WE'LL GET THE OPINION OF THE PROFESSOR...


WHAT DO YOU THINK THEY ARE PROFESSOR?
WELL--TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH--
--I DON'T KNOW!

A MOUNTAIN GOAT MAYBE?
YES--MOST LIKELY A MOUNTAIN GOAT I SHOULD THINK...
COULD THEY BE SOMETHING ELSE PROFESSOR. --COULD THEY BE THE MARKS OF--OF A VAMPIRE OR WEREWOLF...


THAT'S THE SILLIEST THING I'VE EVER HEARD! I THINK IT'S TIME I TOLD YOU THE TRUTH ABOUT ALL THESE VAMPIRE AND WEREWOLF LEGENDS-- MOVIES LIKE THAT NEW DRACULA MOVIE, OR WHATEVER IT'S CALLED, DON'T HELP THE TRUTH AT ALL...

...THERE IS ONLY ONE KIND OF VAMPIRE -- VAMPIRE BATS -- THEY LIVE IN VARIOUS AREAS OF CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA -- AND THEY DON'T KILL -- THE ONLY PROBLEM WITH VAMPIRE BATS THEY CARRY RABIES AND CAN FILL [illegible] STREAM [illegible] THEIR DISEASE."

"...THE MYTHS ABOUT HUMAN VAMPIRES ALL STARTED BECAUSE OF A VERY SIMPLE NATURAL PHENOMENA -- IN CENTURIES PAST, WITH MEDICAL KNOWLEDGE BEING VERY LIMITED, OFTEN PERSONS WHO SLIPPED INTO A COMA, OR WHO SUFFERED FROM CATALEPSY, WERE BURIED ALIVE -- WHEN THE POOR INDIVIDUAL WHO WAS PREMATURELY BURIED WOKE UP AFTER A FEW DAYS, HE'D OF COURSE BURST OUT OF HIS COFFIN -- THOSE WERE SUPERSTITIOUS TIMES, AND EVERYBODY WHO SAW THE DEAD MAN RISE OUT OF HIS GRAVE FIGURED HE WAS BROUGHT TO LIFE BY SATAN -- AND SO STARTED THE MYTHS ABOUT VAMPIRES..."

"...LYCANTHROPY IS A FORM OF INSANITY -- NOTHING MORE, NOTHING LESS — IN WHICH THE SUFFERER BELIEVES HE IS AN ANIMAL AND BEHAVES ACCORDINGLY -- CERTAIN DERANGED PEOPLE HAVE BELIEVED THEMSELVES TO BE CARNIVOROUS ANIMALS SUCH AS BEARS -- TIGERS -- LEOPARDS AND JAGUARS... SOME BELIEVE THEMSELVES TO BE WOLVES, AND BEFORE THEY ATTACK THEIR VICTIM THEY DON A WOLF'S FUR... SIMPLE INSANITY -- THAT'S ALL IT IS..."

I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY THE PROFESSOR'S NEGATIVE ABOUT SUCH THINGS -- I MEAN, I MEAN THERE ARE MANY EXAMPLES OF REAL VAMPIRES AND WEREWOLVES IN HISTORY -- WHY DOES HE IGNORE THEM?
--IT'S VERY SUSPICIOUS -- MAYBE HE'S HIDING SOMETHING!
HEY! YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT MY FATHER! THE PROFESSOR IS NOT GOING TO BE THE BUTT OF YOUR JOKES WHILE I'M AROUND.
SORRY PETER -- WE KNOW THE PROFESSOR IS YOUR FATHER -- WE SHOULDN'T JOKE -- BUT I THINK WE NEED A 2ND OPINION...
PROFESSOR EDWIN WALLACH -BIOLOGY-
VERY STRANGE -- VERY VERY STRANGE TRACKS -- I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY ARE! WHERE DID YOU SEE THESE?
UP IN THE CAVES, PROFESSOR WALLACH -- COME, WE'LL SHOW YOU!
WELL KIDS -- I HARDLY KNOW WHAT TO SAY -- YOU'VE MADE A VERY STRANGE DISCOVERY --
... THESE TRACKS DO NOT BELONG TO ANY ANIMAL I KNOW ABOUT AND I MUST SAY -- I KNOW ALL ABOUT ANIMALS...
"I WOULD SAY THESE ARE NOT REAL TRACKS -- SOMEONE HAS MADE THEM -- PLAYING A JOKE!!"
COULD YOU CONJECTURE, PROFESSOR? -- I MEAN IF THE TRACKS WERE MADE BY AN ANIMAL -- WHAT KIND OF ANIMAL WOULD MAKE THEM?
--AN ANIMAL WHO STANDS UPRIGHT AND ON TWO LEGS -- AN ANIMAL WHO HAS CLOVEN HOOVES...
I THINK WE MAY HAVE STUMBLED ONTO SOMETHING IMPORTANT -- YEH -- AFTER WE SEE THE PROFESSOR SAFELY BACK TO SCHOOL -- LET'S RETURN AND SET UP A WATCH -- YOU NEVER KNOW -- WE MIGHT CATCH OURSELVES A WEREWOLF!

THIS IS FOOLISH-- WE COULD BE WAITING HERE ALL NIGHT-- --IT'S COLD!
SSSH!--YOU SEE THAT SHADOW DOWN THERE? --WE AREN'T ALONE-- MAYBE IT'S THE WEREWOLF!
IT'S THE PROFESSOR!
--WAT'S HE DOING IN THE HILLS AT 2:00 IN THE MORNING?
--HE'S LOOKING AT THE TRACKS!
SO PROFESSOR--
--THERE'S NO SUCH THINGS AS VAMPIRES AND WEREWOLVES, EH? CARE TO EXPLAIN WHAT YOU ARE DOING UP HERE AT THIS TIME OF THE MORNING?
...I--I AHH--
WHY DON'T YOU CONFESS--
YOU ARE THE WEREWOLF, AREN'T YOU?
--DON'T BE FOOLISH BOY-- I'M NO MORE A WEREWOLF THAN YOU ARE! ...I'M UP HERE TO INVESTIGATE THE TRACKS --I DIDN'T WANT ANYONE TO KNOW... YOU SEE --I BELIEVE THERE IS A WEREWOLF IN OUR MIDST-- I WANTED TO CONFIRM MY SUSPICIONS!
WHO DO YOU SUSPECT?
...ONE OF MY STUDENTS--
ONE OF YOU!

ONE OF US PROFESSOR? BUT WHO? WHICH ONE OF US COULD IT BE?

YOU!
YES PROFESSOR --IT'S UNFORTUNATE YOU HAD TO COME UP HERE TONIGHT--NO-ONE WOULD HAVE KNOWN...

I KNEW I'D HAVE TO KILL YOU EVENTUALLY-- I KNEW YOU DISCOVERED MY SECRET WHEN YOU SAW ME WATCHING YOU--
--I WAS SPYING ON YOU JUST AS YOU WERE SPYING ON ME--IRONICAL ISN'T IT
--I--THE WEREWOLF...
--IT'S ROLF ADMUNSTAM--THE EXCHANGE STUDENT FROM DENMARK --HE'S THE WEREWOLF!!

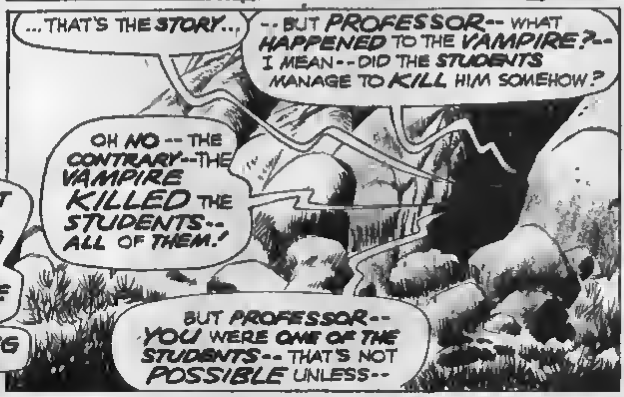
WHAT? WHAT'S HE SAYING? THE PROFESSOR VAMPIRE?
BUT THERE'S A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN YOU AND I PROFESSOR-- DESPITE THE DIFFERENCES OF OUR CHARACTER TYPES--
--TONIGHT--I CAME PREPARED!!

AN YOU PROFESSOR--
--YOU--THE VAMPIRE!

PETER! FOR GOD'S SAKE-- HELP ME!!

GET OFF HIM, FIEND!
...I HAD HOPED--
--TO KEEP MY SECRET TOO--
--BUT I HAVE NO-CHOICE NOW--
WE MUST BATTLE--ONE MUST DIE!--
YOU MUST DIE!

I'M SORRY FATHER-- I SHOULD HAVE ACTED SOONER -- PREVENTED HIM FROM MURDERING YOU!
THAT'S ALRIGHT SON--YOU DID RIGHT IN TRYING TO HIDE YOUR IDENTITY-- YOU MUST SPEND YOUR LIFETIME HIDING YOUR IDENTITY...
--MY LIFE IS OVER-- BUT I'VE LIVED A LONG AND REWARDING LIFE-- NOW--IT IS YOUR TURN TO LIVE...


...THAT'S THE STORY...
-- BUT PROFESSOR-- WHAT HAPPENED TO THE VAMPIRE?-- I MEAN--DID THE STUDENTS MANAGE TO KILL HIM SOMEHOW?
OH NO -- THE CONTRARY--THE VAMPIRE KILLED THE STUDENTS-- ALL OF THEM!
BUT PROFESSOR-- YOU WERE ONE OF THE STUDENTS-- THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE UNLESS--

--UNLESS I WAS THE VAMPIRE? UNLESS I WAS THE SON OF PROFESSOR JOSEPH CUSHMAN?
--YES-- LIKE MY FATHER I AM A VAMPIRE-- LIKE MY FATHER I AM NOW A PROFESSOR TOO
...LIKE FATHER LIKE SON...
...EVERY SO OFTEN, THERE IS A TRAGIC CAVE-IN IN THESE HILLS-- ONLY ONE MAN EVER MANAGES TO SURVIVE--A CERTAIN PROFESSOR PETER CUSHMAN-- WHO OFFERS NO ANSWERS TO THE MYSTERIOUS CAVE-IN MYSTERIES--HE MERELY GLARES HYPNOTICALLY INTO THE EYES OF HIS QUESTIONERS, AND THEY JUST-- SEEM TO FORGET THEY EVEN ASKED...

BENEATH THE SOFTLY SWAYING TREES, A VOW OF UNDYING LOVE WAS ONCE PROCLAIMED.. DEATH COULD NEVER STAKE HIS CLAIM TO THAT PASSIONATE SOUL WHO WALKED THOSE MUDDY BANKS ON MOON-LIT NIGHTS ...THE VICTIM OF...
THE COXSACKIE-AXE MURDER
WRITTEN BY ED FEDORY
ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN AGRAS
INTRODUCED BY ED FEDORY
THE STILL EVENING AIR LIES THICKLY ON THE CALM WATERS OF THE UPPER HUDSON RIVER. ON THE BANK, TWO KINDRED SOULS AND HEARTS ARE LINKED IN A SOLEMN VOW...
FATHER HAS FOUND OUT THAT WE HAVE DISOBEYED HIS ORDERS!... ...HE KNOWS THAT WE HAVE BEEN MEETING AGAIN!
IT WAS WRITTEN IN OUR FATES THAT ONE DAY HE SHOULD KNOW! HIS DISLIKE FOR THE ONE YOU ARE GOING TO MARRY SHALL NEVER TARNISH THIS LOVE WE SHARE!
...NEVER...
AS THE TWO LOVERS SEAL THEIR VOW, AN OATH OF DAMNATION IS HURLED TO THE HEAVENS!
FIND HIM! I SHALL PUT AN END TO THIS COURTSHIP... ...THIS VERY NIGHT!

THE BREATHS HE NOW DRAWS... ..SHALL BE HIS ...LAST!

A STORM IN THE MAKING!
FITTING, THAT ON SUCH A NIGHT THE LECHER SHALL ...DIE!

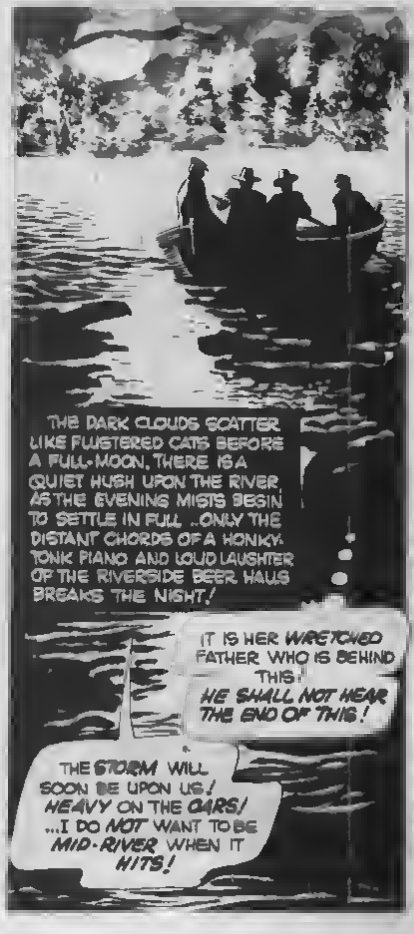
TILL AGAIN OUR LIPS TOUCH!...
TILL THEN SHALL I HUNGER!
ADIEU, MY BELOVED!

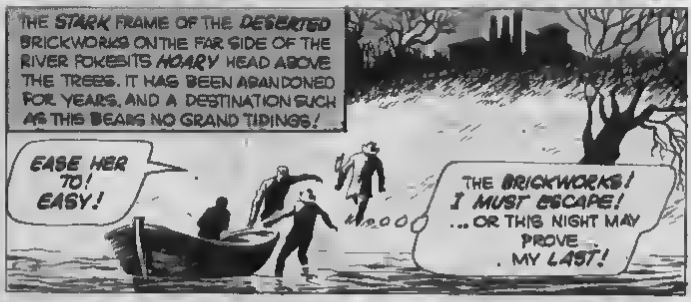
YOU MUST GO NOW. WE MUST NOT ALLOW YOUR FATHER'S SUSPICIONS TO GROW... ...BEFORE WE CAN FIND AN ESCAPE FROM HIS CLUTCHING GRASP!
I SHALL MISS YOUR TOUCH!
...AND I, YOURS!

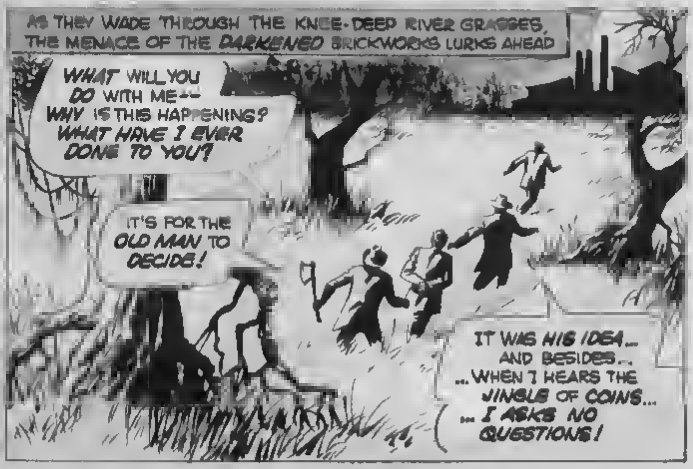
WITH FEW CARES OF THIS OR ANY WORLD, THE LONE FIGURE APPROACHES THE PATCH OF TREES... EACH STEP BRINGING HIM CLOSER TO HIS HIDEOUS DESTINY!
HE COMES!
AYE, THE OLD MAN KNEW HE WOULD!
SPEAK SOFTLY... ...HE MUST NOT HEAR US!

WHAT THE HELL!!

LIKE SOME HELLISH SHADOWS GIVEN LIFE, THEY FALL UPON THEIR HUMAN PREY... BINDING HIS FRAME WITH MASSIVE-LINKED CHAINS... THEY LINGER ABOUT HIS BODY LIKE GROTESQUE PARASITES WHO FEED UPON THE DEPTHS OF ANOTHER'S EMOTIONS!
GO SOFTLY, LADDIE! ... OR THIS BRACE OF STEEL... ...SHALL SILENCE YOU FOREVER!


THE DARK CLOUDS SCATTER LIKE FLUSTERED CATS BEFORE A FULL-MOON. THERE IS A QUIET HUSH UPON THE RIVER, AS THE EVENING MISTS BEGIN TO SETTLE IN FULL ..ONLY THE DISTANT CHORDS OF A HONKY-TONK PIANO AND LOUD LAUGHTER OF THE RIVERSIDE BEER HAUS BREAKS THE NIGHT!
IT IS HER WRETCHED FATHER WHO IS BEHIND THIS! HE SHALL NOT HEAR THE END OF THIS!
THE STORM WILL SOON BE UPON US! HEAVY ON THE OARS! ...I DO NOT WANT TO BE MID-RIVER WHEN IT HITS!


THE STARK FRAME OF THE DESERTED BRICKWORKS ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE RIVER POKESITS HOARY HEAD ABOVE THE TREES. IT HAS BEEN ABANDONED FOR YEARS, AND A DESTINATION SUCH AS THIS BEARS NO GRAND TIDINGS!
EASE HER TO! EASY!
THE BRICKWORKS! I MUST ESCAPE! ...OR THIS NIGHT MAY PROVE . MY LAST!


AS THEY WADE THROUGH THE KNEE-DEEP RIVER GRASSES, THE MENACE OF THE DARKENED BRICKWORKS LURKS AHEAD
WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH ME-- WHY IS THIS HAPPENING? WHAT HAVE I EVER DONE TO YOU?
IT'S FOR THE OLD MAN TO DECIDE!
IT WAS HIS IDEA... AND BESIDES... ...WHEN I HEARS THE JINGLE OF COINS... ...I ASKS NO QUESTIONS!

BUT, ALTHOUGH HE TRIED TO *ESCAPE*, HE COULD NOT! WITHIN THE SPAN OF SCANT MINUTES, HE FOUND HIS BINDING CHAINS LINKED TO AN *ANCIENT* IRON *RING*, SET INTO THE *LICHENOUS* STONE WALL!

THE *OLD MAN* COMES!

GOOD! NOW WE SHALL PUT AN *END* TO THIS *INSANE* MADNESS!

AYE, IT IS INDEED AN *END* WE SHALL SEE *THIS NIGHT!*

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

...MAD!

KKRRAAAAKKKKKK

SUDDENLY, THE DOOR IS THRUST VICIOUSLY OPEN, REVEALING THE *EYES* OF ONE *OBSESSED* WITH *MADNESS*... THOSE *INSANE FIRES* SEEM TO PIERCE THE *NIGHT* AND *SHADOWS* LIKE *GLOWING RED* LAMPS!

YOU HAVE HIM! GOOD!

I HAVE HAD *ENOUGH* OF YOUR *DISOBEDIENCE*, YOUNG *FOOL*! *TONIGHT*, THERE ARE *LESSONS* YOU MUST LEARN... *WELL!*

YOU ARE *MAD*, SILAS! ...*MAD!*

MORE THAN THE *INJURY* AT ANOTHER'S *HAND*, HIS *PRIDE* WELLS UP, AND STIRS A *STRENGTH* HE HAS *NEVER* KNOWN!

KKRUISSHHH

WITH A *BLUR* OF *MOTION*, THE HEAVY IRON CHAIN SWINGS *VIOLENTLY* THROUGH THE AIR LIKE SOME *FERROUS ANGEL* OF *DEATH!* WITH THE LINKS SEVERED, THE BINDING TOOL TRANSFORMS INTO A *WEAPON* OF *DESTRUCTION!*

GET HIM! ...HE MUST NOT... ...ESCAPE!

BRING HIM TO HIS... ...KNEES!

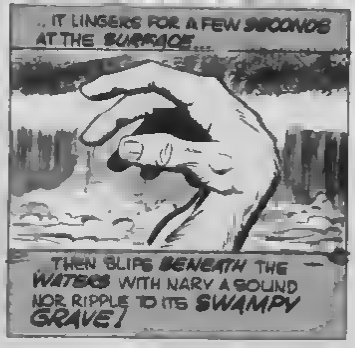
CURSE YOU, SILAS LOWELL! ...CURSE YOU AND ALL THE LOWELLS THAT SHALL FOLLOW YOU!!
HAHAHA HAAAHHHAAAA
IT IS YOU, YOUNG WHELP, WHO ARE... CURSED!!

THE AWESOME BLADE OF STEEL HOVERS OVERHEAD FOR A BRIEF SECOND...
NEVER SHALL I REST 'TIL THIS BLACK DEED HAS BEEN AVENGED! YOU SHALL BE THE FIRST TO DIE... ...THE LOWELL MALES SHALL NEVER LIVE TO SEE THE STREAKS OF GRAY ON THEIR HEADS! SO DO I SWEAR!
SILENCE!

...AND FALLS, LIKE SOME SHARP-BEAKED BIRD OF HELL SPAWNED IRON INTO THE HEAVING CHEST OF ITS YOUNG PREY!
THE BLOOD OF THIS DEED IS UPON US!
...ALL SHALL DIE... ...DIE!! YYAAAGGG!
SILENCE!

DO NOT WORRY ABOUT THE BLOOD! ... THIS MONEY FOR A JOB WELL DONE SHALL CLEANSE YOUR HANDS... ...IF NOT YOUR CONSCIENCE! PULL ON THE OARS! WE MUST DISPOSE OF THE BODY!

WITH ONLY THE GIANT CYCLOPS'N EYE OF NIGHT AS SILENT WITNESS, A DEAD AND SHATTERED FORM IS HURLED OVER THE SIDE OF THE BOAT!


...IT LINGERS FOR A FEW SECONDS AT THE SURFACE...
THEN SLIPS BENEATH THE WATERS WITH NARY A SOUND NOR RIPPLE TO ITS SWAMPY GRAVE!

WITHIN THE FOLDS OF NIGHTED MISTS HE WANDERS THROUGH THE GREEN SLIMES OF THE MARSHES... DOOMED TO TREAD IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF HIS OATH!
AS WAS DEEDEE, THE FIRST VICTIM OF THE LOWELL CURSE WAS SILAS. HE LAY ACROSS HIS CHIPPENDALE DESK... EYES AWANDER... HIS HEAD RESTING IN A POOL OF RIVER SLIME THAT NONE COULD EXPLAIN!
...THE SILENT FIGURE OFTEN HEAVES ITS BULKY, MIASMIC CHEST IN A DEEP SIGH... AND A STRAINING EAR IN THE DEPTH OF NIGHT MIGHT CHANCE UPON THE WHEEZING, GROTESQUE TRUTH... I AM REVENGE!
PATIENCE LOWELL, DEPRIVED OF HER ONLY LOVE, FELL BENEATH HER OWN SILENT CURSE... SOFTLY, ONE NIGHT, SHE STOLE INTO THE MARSHES AND PUT AN END TO HER SORROWS... HER LAMENT TO A LOVER LOST!
AND SO THE CURSE ON THE HEADS OF THE LOWELLS WAS CARRIED FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION... ALWAYS PRESENT... ALWAYS A HIDDEN FEAR... ALWAYS LURKING IN THE SHADOWS...
...STRANGE THEY THOUGHT, HOW THE FRESH FLOWERS RESTED SO SOLEMNLY AT HER BREAST WHEN THEY FOUND HER BODY ON THE RIVER BANK!
...READY TO STRIKE AND SLAY!

THE YEARS RACE BY, WHILE THE CURSE UPON THE HEADS OF THE LOWELL MALES CONTINUES... ALL HAVE DIED BEFORE THEIR THIRTIETH BIRTHDAY!! IT IS A NIGHT OF MANY CARES FOR NED LOWELL...
...TOMORROW IS HIS 30TH BIRTHDAY!
GOOD-NIGHT, DADDY.
TOMORROW'S DADDY'S BIRTHDAY... ...IT'LL BE A SPECIAL DAY FOR HIM!
GOOD-NIGHT, PRINCESS. I'LL SEE YOU IN THE MORNING.
IT'S FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH US!
DON'T BE FOOLISH, DEAR... IT'S JUST A FAIRY TALE!
A FAIRY TALE? HHAAAAHHHH! IT WAS NO FAIRY TALE THAT SLEW MY FATHER!!... ...OR HIS BEFORE HIM!
I SENSE THAT TONIGHT... ...IT WILL COME!
DADDY! CAN I HAVE A GLASS OF WATER?... ...I'M THIRSTY!
SURE, HONEY!
FOLLOWED BY A TRAIL OF GREEN RIVER SLIME, IT STALKS FROM ITS SWAMPY WOMB!
CCRRREEAAAKKKK
HEE AGAIN, JUSTICE SHALL BE MINE!

WITH BUT THE CALLING OF ONE NAME, ALL THE YEARS OF HORROR... OF GROTESQUE EXISTENCE... OF REVENGE, DISSOLVE ...LEAVING THOUGHTS OF ANOTHER, FAR MORE HAPPIER TIME!!...

AS THE SLIME ENCRUSTED ANGEL OF DEATH MOUNTS THE FIRST STEPS OF THE STAIRCASE...

SOMEWHERE...OUT IN THE WINDS... SHE WAITS... RESTING IN DEATH... AWAITING THE RAINS...
... AWAITING..
...BEFORE SOME WHITE-TOOTHED HERALD OF A LONG DEAD ERA, HE STOPS... EVERY FIBER OF HIS DRIPPING FRAME IN HELLISH TURMOIL, BETWEEN THE DUTY TO HIS DAMNING OATH AND THE REST WITH HIS BELOVED THAT IS SO LONG OVERDUE!
HOW LONG HAVE YOU AWAITED ME? HAVE YOU WATCHED ME MOVE BETWEEN THE HOUSE AND SWAMP ALL THESE YEARS?
HOW COULD SOMETHING BORN OF SUCH TENDER EMOTIONS GROW LIKE A CANCER, AND TRANSFORM TO SUCH HIDEOUSNESS? —SUCH DEPRAVED DECAY?
...HOW?
AMIDST THE SMOULDERING FRAGMENTS OF A LIVING CURSE, THERE LURKS A SLEEPING PEACE.. WHERE ONCE SLIMY MUSCLES TRUSSED THE CHALK-WHITE SKELETON, NOW ONLY THE GROUND OFFERS SOLACE TO THE OOZING, BUBBLING PUDDLES...
THAT ONCE WERE ALIVE!

and when they catch you
KILL you!

...MANY COMICOLOGISTS FIGURE THIS MEDIUM, THAT IS - THE *ILLUSTRATED STORY MEDIUM* - BEGAN AS FAR BACK AS *OLD EGYPT* WITH PICTORIAL *HIEROGLYPHICS*... AND IF THAT'S *TRUE*, THIS *SAGA* OF THE *MUMMY KHAFRE* CAN HAVE NO *BETTER* FORUM THAN THE *HORROR-MOOD ILLUSTRATED PULPS*... THIS SERIES, WHEN COMPLETED, WILL BE AN *ILLUSTRATED HORROR NOVEL* IN THE GRAND *TRADITION* OF THE *SUSPENSE* AND *ADVENTURE NOVELS* OF *YESTERYEAR*... READ ON, AND ENJOY, AS WE *START OUR TALE*...

THE MUMMY KHAFRE

INTRODUCED BY **ALAN HEWETSON**

...AT TANIS, ON THE *MEDITERRANEAN SEA*, AT THE BEGINNING OF THE PERIOD OF THE DECLINE, IN 1015 B.C., IN THE ELEVENTH DYNASTY, THE WIFE OF *NEFERCHERES* SUCCUMBED TO THE *MADNESS DISEASE* AND AFTER BRUTALLY MISTREATING HER SUBJECTS, KILLING HER ILLICIT LOVER, AND DESTROYING THE MORAL REPUTATION OF HER MUCH RESPECTED HUSBAND WAS PUT TO *DEATH* BY THE AKMOSE *PRIESTS* OF THE *SUN*...

...THOUGH SHE LAY IN STATE TWO DAYS SHE RECEIVED *NO VISITORS* - NO LAST *FAREWELLS*... SAVE *ONE* CALLER--THE *PHARAOH NEFERCHERES*...

WRITTEN BY
ALAN HEWETSON
ILLUSTRATED BY
CESAR LOPEZ

THE FUNERAL

...CHAPTER ONE...

...KHAFRE'S BODY WAS TAKEN TO THE EMBALMER'S WORKSHOP TO BE PREPARED FOR THE TOMB...
... AN INCISION WAS MADE IN THE LOWER CHEST, AND THE BODY WAS DRAINED, AND ALLOWED TO SOAK IN DRY NATRON AND AROMATIC RESIN FOR 70 DAYS...
...IT WAS THEN LAID FLAT UPON A STONE BENCH, HANDS FOLDED ON CHEST, AND BANDAGED...
...UPON THIS FIRST LAYER OF WRAPPINGS AN AMOUNT OF RESIN WAS SPREAD, AND THE FUNERARY JEWELLERY WAS ADJOINED TO THE SPIRIT OF THE DECEASED BY ATTACHMENT TO THE BANDAGES...
THE MUMMY WAS THEN PADDED BY THEM AND WRAPPED AGAIN... PLACED WITHIN HER FIRST COFFIN-- THEN GILDED AND PAINTED WITH HIEROGLYPHIC SCENES... WHICH WAS IN TURN COVERED BY 4 SEPARATE COFFINS, EACH LARGER THAN THE OTHER AND MADE OF DIFFERENT MATERIALS... THE LAST OF WOOD...

...THE *INTERNAL ORGANS*, LIVER LUNGS, INTESTINES AND STOMACH WERE PICKLED, EACH-ON-THEIR-*OWN*, AND ENCLOSED IN *FOUR CANOPIC JARS*, EACH WITH THE *STOPPER-HEAD* OF THE *TUTELARY DIETIES* (THE FOUR SONS OF *HERUS*) AND WERE *BOXED* IN A *CHEST*...

...THE MOURNERS *ESCORTED* THE MUMMY ON A *BIER* DRAWN BY *OXEN*-- AND THE *FUNERAL CORTAGE* PROCEEDED TO THE *TOMB*, WHERE THE PRIESTS *PERFORMED* THEIR *CEREMONIES*...

...AND AT THE *FINISH*, USING SPECIAL *RITUAL IMPLEMENTS* DESIGNED TO *OPEN THE MOUTH* OF THE *MUMMY* SO THAT THE *POWER OF SPEECH* WOULD NOT BE *DEPRIVED* AFTER *DEATH*, THE PRIESTS *ENTOMBED THE MUMMY* IN AN *ANTECHAMBER* OF THE *PELUSIUM PYRAMID*... ALONG WITH HER *BOX* OF FOUR DOZEN *MUMMIFORM FIGURES* OF POTTERY (*USHABTIU* THE *ANSWERERS*- FOR THEY WERE TO *AID* THE *DECEASED* IN HER *AFTERLIFE* WHEN *CALLED UPON*) BY HER *SIDE*...

THE *PYRAMID* WAS THEN *CLOSED*, NOT TO BE *DISTURBED OR RE-OPENED* TILL THE DEMISE OF *PHAROAH NEFERCHERES*... THUS WAS *KHAFRES DEATH* OBSERVED WITH *SOLEMNITY* AND *GRACE*, THUS WAS SHE *BURIED* WITH THE *UNDYING RESPECT* AND *ADORATION* OF HER *PEOPLE*... UPON THE *ORDERS* OF *NEFERCHERES*... WHO WOULD HEAR *NO ILL WORD* SPOKEN OF HIS *QUEEN* AFTER HER *DEATH*, THUS A *KINGDOM* PAID THEIR *RESPECTS* IN *PRAYERS* OF *MOCKERY*; FOR THE *PRESENT* AT LEAST, THE MUMMY *KHAFRE RESTS IN PEACE*...

THE CIRCUS OF HORRORS

...IN 1883, PROFESSOR PETER FLINDERS AND HIS ASSOCIATE TOM FORTISS DISCOVER THE SMALLISH PELUSIUM PYRAMID BURIED UNDER THE SANDS... AND EXCAVATE THE TOMB OF THE PHAROAH NEFERCHERES AND HIS SOMEWHAT LESS-THAN-DEVOTED WIFE KHAFRE...

...IT'S MAGNIFICENT...

...IT IS PROFESSOR FLINDERS...IT'S OUR MOST BEAUTIFUL FIND...

...YES FORTISS... IT PROBABLY IS... THE MUMMY KHAFRE ... MURDERED BY THE PRIESTS OF THE SUN IN A MOST HORRID WAY...

...OH? HOW WAS SHE MURDERED PROFESSOR?

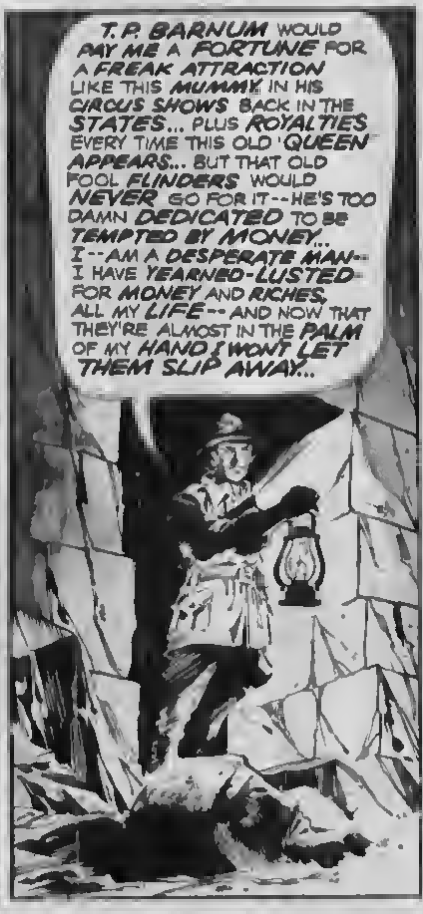
HOW?... WELL, WHEN THEY MUMMIFIED HER... WHEN THE EMBALMERS BEGAN THEIR WORK--

KHAFRE WAS STILL ALIVE!! --OR SO THE LEGEND SAYS!

SHE WAS NOT DEAD... SHE WAS DRUGGED BY POISONS WHICH KEPT HER IN A DEATH-LIKE STATE... EVEN HER HUSBAND, OL' PHAROAH NEFERCHERES, THOUGHT SHE WAS DEAD AS SHE LAY IN STATE... BUT NO-- NO, SHE WASN'T DEAD AT ALL... SHE WAS MUMMIFIED ALIVE!

...HOW GHASTLY...

WELL BOY... I THINK THIS OLD GIRL IS OUR MOST IMPORTANT FIND.. DON'T YOU THINK EH?
YES SIR... DEFINITELY!
MORE THAN YOU'LL EVER KNOW, I SHOULD THINK!
WE'VE HAD A LONG DAY... LET'S RETIRE TO OUR TENTS FOR A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP, EH FORTISS?
AH... YOU GO AHEAD PROFESSOR... I JUST WANT TO MAKE SURE EVERYTHING'S SECURE HERE... IT WOULDN'T DO TO ALLOW OUR MOST IMPORTANT FIND TO BE LOOTED... I'LL BE ALONG SHORTLY!
GOOD THINKING... I'LL SEE YOU IN THE MORNING FORTISS!
...BY GOD... IT REALLY DOES LIVE!!... FOR SOME OBSCURE REASON IT IS NOT ANIMATED AT THIS MOMENT BUT... BUT IS REALLY DOES LIVE!!



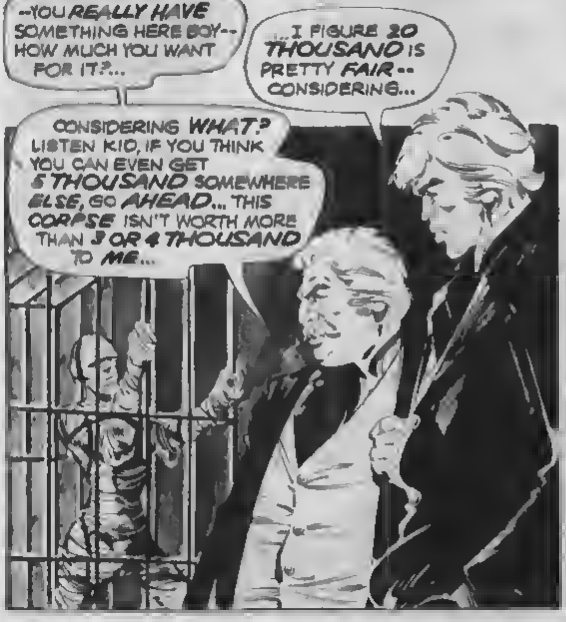
PILLOW OVER THE O... MAN'S FACE.. A MUFFLED SOFT CRY OF DESPERATION ... PROFESSOR FLINDERS DIES IN HIS SLEEP OF ACCIDENTAL SUFFOCATION
TOM FORTISS
RICH MAN

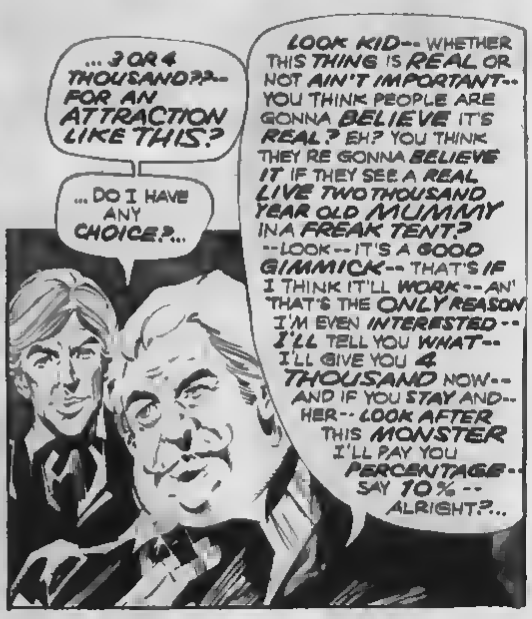
THE YEAR 1883 WAS A SHORT TIME *BEFORE* THE BRITISH, FRENCH AND ARABIAN *GOVERMENTS* IMPOSED *CONTROLS* TO PREVENT *ARCHEOLOGICAL LOOTING* AND *TOM FORTISS* WAS *EASILY ABLE* TO *SMUGGLE* THE *MUMMY* OUT OF ITS *TOMB* AND INTO A *STEAMSHIP* NEARBY IN THE *MEDITERRANEAN* WHICH WAS *BOUND* FOR THE *UNITED STATES* WITH A VARIETY OF *EASTERN SILKS* AND *LINENS*...

THE *MUMMY KHAFRE* WAS *CONCEALED* IN THE *BOTTOM* OF A *FALSE BOTTOM TRUNK*-- SINCE *FORTISS FEARED* ITS *ANIMATION*, IT WAS *HANDCUFFED* AND *ROPED* WITH ITS *ARMS* BEHIND ITS *BACK*--ITS *ANKLES* WERE *ROPED* AND *STRAPPED TOGETHER*--AND A QUANTITY OF *ETHER* WAS LET *SOAK* INTO THE *COFFIN WOOD* EVERY DAY BY *FORTISS*, WHO *INSPECTED* HIS *PRECIOUS CARGO DAILY*...

...IN *NEW YORK HARBOR*, THE '*COFFIN*' WHICH ACTUALLY WAS A *CLOTHES' TRUNK*, PASSED CUSTOMS *EASILY*, AND FORTISS MADE HIS *SPEEDY FLIGHT* TO THE *INTERIOR* ABOARD A *HORSE-DRAWN WAGON*... AS HE MADE FOR *PHILADELPHIA* WHERE *T. P BARNUM* WAS REPORTED ON TOUR WITH HIS FAMOUS *TRAVELLING CIRCUS*, FORTISS HAD *SECOND THOUGHTS* ABOUT HIS *VENTURES*...

BY GOD-- I DUNNO WHAT I WAS WORRIED ABOUT-- IT'S LIKE A WILD ANIMAL... IT'LL DRIVE THE AUDIENCES CRAZY ... SO--I GOTTA SALEABLE PACKAGE FOR BARNUM-- IF I CAN CLOSE A SALE QUICK I CAN LEAVE THIS FREAK CIRCUS IN FIVE MINUTES...

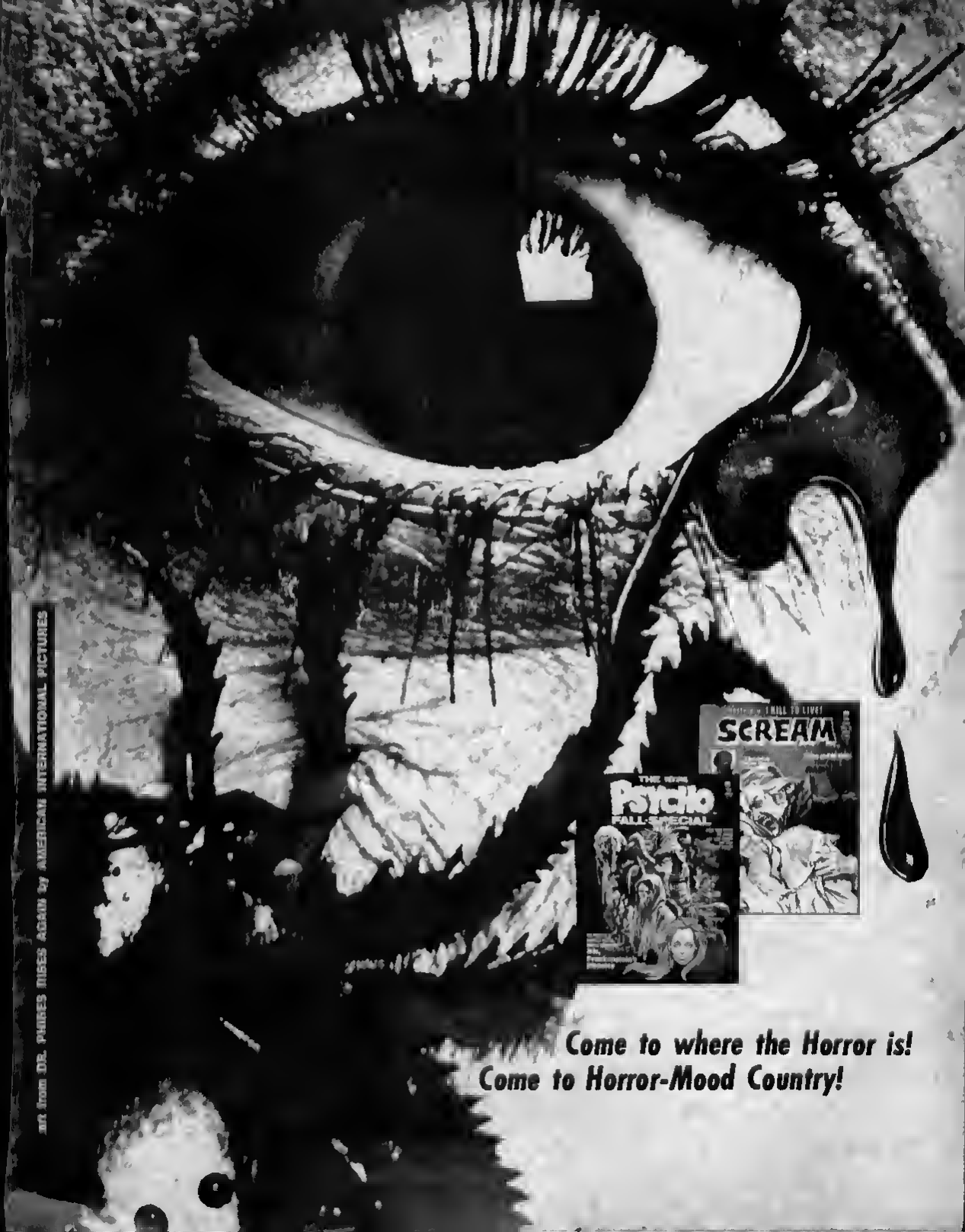

--YOU REALLY HAVE SOMETHING HERE BOY-- HOW MUCH YOU WANT FOR IT?...
...I FIGURE 20 THOUSAND IS PRETTY FAIR-- CONSIDERING...
CONSIDERING WHAT? LISTEN KID, IF YOU THINK YOU CAN EVEN GET 5 THOUSAND SOMEWHERE ELSE, GO AHEAD... THIS CORPSE ISN'T WORTH MORE THAN 3 OR 4 THOUSAND TO ME...


... 3 OR 4 THOUSAND??-- FOR AN ATTRACTION LIKE THIS?
... DO I HAVE ANY CHOICE?...
LOOK KID-- WHETHER THIS THING IS REAL OR NOT AIN'T IMPORTANT-- YOU THINK PEOPLE ARE GONNA BELIEVE IT'S REAL? EH? YOU THINK THEY'RE GONNA BELIEVE IT IF THEY SEE A REAL LIVE TWO THOUSAND YEAR OLD MUMMY IN A FREAK TENT? --LOOK-- IT'S A GOOD GIMMICK-- THAT'S IF I THINK IT'LL WORK-- AN' THAT'S THE ONLY REASON I'M EVEN INTERESTED-- I'LL TELL YOU WHAT-- I'LL GIVE YOU 4 THOUSAND NOW-- AND IF YOU STAY AND-- HER-- LOOK AFTER THIS MONSTER I'LL PAY YOU PERCENTAGE-- SAY 10%-- ALRIGHT?...

...THE MUMMY KHAFRE WAS SILENT-- AND CALM-- SHE WATCHED THE BEWILDERED CROWDS LAUGHING AT HER AS THEY PARADED BY DAILY... DAY AFTER DAY.. WEEK AFTER WEEK... HER MIND LEARNED THE MEANING OF THE WORDS EVERYONE AROUND HER USED. SHE LEARNED WHAT MODERN LIFE WAS LIKE-- CRUEL AND SOMEWHAT IDIOTIC, AS SHE LISTENED TO THE OTHER FREAKS AROUND HER . SHE LEARNED TO HATE, AS SHE WATCHED FORTISS EVERY NIGHT IN THE TENT, DRINKING AND BECOMING MORE MOROSE WITH EACH PASSING NIGHT...

...AND WHEN SHE HAD LEARNED SUFFICIENTLY AND GROWN TO HATE ADEQUATELY AND BECAME BORED WITH THE TEDIUM OF HER ENDLESS DAY-BY-DAY ROUTINE-- AND WHEN HER BODY HAD BECOME HEALTHY FROM THE FOOD AND THE FRESH AIR... WHEN HER MUSCLES BECAME STRONG... WHEN HER MIND BECAME RESTLESS-- SHE YEARNED FOR FREEDOM!

NEXT:
THE MURDERESS


art from DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN by AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL PICTURES
SCREAM
Psycho
FALL SPECIAL
Come to where the Horror is!
Come to Horror-Mood Country!

LEARN how to DIE in the TOMB OF HORROR

ILLUSTRATED BY CESAR

..YOU ARE DEAD NOW--YET STILL YOU BREATHE, FOR YOU ARE ONE OF THEM.. ONE OF THE UNDEAD WHO DIE MANY DEATHS BEFORE THERE IS AN ABSOLUTE END TO CONSCIOUSNESS..THERE ARE MANY WAYS TO DIE.. YOU WILL LEARN THE MANY WAYS TO DIE IN

NIGHTMARE PRESENTS

TOMB OF HORROR